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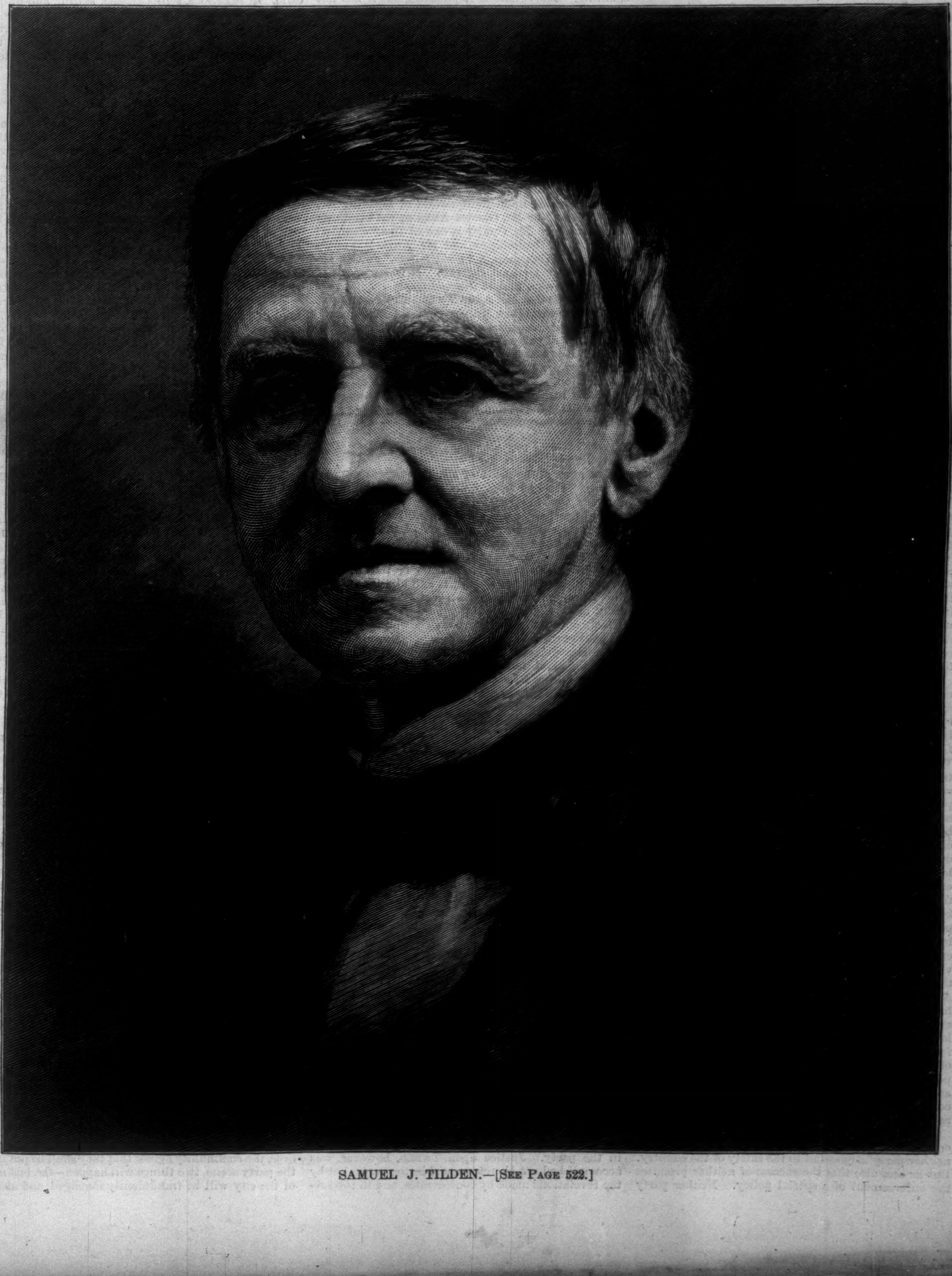


SAMUEL J. TILDEN.—[See Page 522.]

"Harper's Young People appears to be everything that a publication intended for boys and girls should be."—*St. James's Gazette, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number for August 10 contains the eighth instalment of the serial story "False Witness," by Lucy C. Lillie; *a short story for boys entitled "The Nonanticook Boat Club versus Johnny Maxwell"; and a short humorous sketch by* R. K. Munkittrick.

"CROQUET—AN OLD GAME MADE NEW,"

is the title of an excellent article by Charles Hull Botsford. *It shows how the old game of croquet has developed into a game that is worthy of all respect from those who enjoy a pastime calling for considerable mental alertness and physical prowess.*

The second of the "Canoe Talks," by the Commodore of the New York Canoe Club, treats of "Paddles and Upsets."

Articles on out-door sports and pastimes are a prominent feature of the paper during the summer season. Next week Base-Ball will be the subject of a short article, and in the succeeding number Mr. J. A. Hodge, Jun., *of the New York Lacrosse Team, will treat of that popular game.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage-stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, August 14, 1886.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

THERE is one significant aspect of the elections of this year. They will be practically uninfluenced by the consideration which has been most powerful at elections for a generation. The chief Republican reliance from the beginning has been less the argument against Democratic policy than distrust of the Democratic party. The Republican orator has recalled its traditions as the party of slavery, the Copperhead party of the war, the obstructive party during reconstruction, the party of the liquor interest and of the more ignorant and dangerous classes of the population, and his final appeal has been the question whether the obvious danger of placing the control of the government in hands which had been so recently raised against it, and of intrusting the protection of the freedmen to the residuary legatees of all the un-American and inhuman prejudices of slavery, was not wantonly to risk the safety of the country. This has been the cogent Republican appeal. For ten years the party has asked the confidence of the country upon its traditions and its illustrious services rather than upon any general and defined policy. In the language of English party contests, it has asked the country to sign a blank check in its favor. This appeal was fair, and it was usually successful until the Presidential election of 1884. The party action then raised the question whether the great and undoubted services of the party were to be held to justify the support of whatever might be proposed, including party nominations however unworthy. The Republican protest of that year was the answer. It showed that the original Republican impulse and principle survived. But its great service was not in contributing to the defeat of a particular candidate, but in showing that the election of a Democratic President did not necessarily mean disaster to the country.

This fact has now been demonstrated, and the demonstration disposes of the powerful argument of vague distrust, and restores the normal situation of a constitutional election. No man in his senses would gravely say to an intelligent audience that Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Manning, Mr. Endicott, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Lamar, and Mr. Vilas, are less to be trusted with the honorable administration of the government than any cabinet of their predecessors. Some parts of their policy, some measures, some views, may be disapproved. That would be a matter of course, because they are Democrats. But the notion of their disloyalty, of their secret purpose to pay the rebel debt, to pension rebel soldiers, or to pursue any policy but one which is perfectly patriotic, is absurd. Not only has this more radical ground of distrust entirely vanished, but the general course of the Administration has invited public confidence. Its financial policy on all important points is cordially sustained by the most intelligent Republican as well as Democratic opinion. Its course in regard to the civil service has been more considerate of sound principle than any administration since that of John Quincy Adams, although, like that of all administrations, it has been inconsistent and illogical. Its general domestic policy in regard to the Indians and the public lands has been agreeable to public sentiment, and its foreign policy has been pacific. All this is the record of an Administration whose possible possession of power was denounced as a catastrophe to be averted at the cost of political honor and of the individual conscience. And it is this fact which has changed radically the aspect of the elections of this year.

The same fact explains the general public indifference. The intelligent voter sees that the success of neither party is essential to the safety of the country. But he sees also that the success of neither promises the enforcement of a special policy. Neither party wishes seriously to disturb the tariff, nor to change the general course of financial administration, while the best opinion of both coincides in regard to the currency and coinage, and upon the true principles of maintaining the civil service. The conclusion is that while there is no definite conflict of national policy, it is a matter of indifference whether the Congressional majority calls itself Republican or Democratic. The chief Republican argument in the campaign will be probably the infidelity of the Administration to reform, for which the speech of Senator Hoar gives the cue, and the Southern crime against a free vote and a fair count. But neither appeal will greatly disturb the general indifference, because the Republican record of administrative reform is no whiter than that of the Democratic Executive, and because Republican control of every branch of the government did not secure free voting and honest counting. The Senate is Republican, but it has not proposed any measure to correct the evil, nor thrown upon the Democratic House and Executive the responsibility of defeating or of vetoing it. Moreover, the scandals of the Payne election in Ohio, and the general consciousness that election frauds are not confined to any part of the country, will have their influence upon the voter. Whatever a man's party sympathies may be, he will concede that it is a time of personal politics. The party appeal, as such, was never so weak, and so properly weak. More than ever parties will be estimated by the personal character of candidates. That character will not be disregarded because of the supposed vital necessity of party success. In Massachusetts, for instance, the Republican party is divided upon the question of selecting Mr. W. W. Crapo or Mr. Oliver Ames as the candidate for Governor. Mr. Crapo is one of the "cleanest" and ablest of Republicans, and Mr. Ames is known mainly as a rich man, a "good fellow," and an ancient "pal" of General Butler. It is an epoch of personal politics, and if Massachusetts Republicans should decide that Mr. Ames is a better representative of Republicanism than Mr. Crapo, it is fair to assume that personal considerations, not the conviction of the importance of party success, will materially affect the result. It is a situation also in which a question like that of temperance will have a great influence upon the election. The autumn campaign will open immediately in Maine, where Mr. Blaine is announced as the chief speaker, and we shall now see the general drift of the argument.

MR. TILDEN.

The news of the death of Mr. Tilden was not surprising. He had been long seriously ill, and his recovery was known to be impossible. He was a man of excellent parts carefully cultivated, and his career was a striking illustration of the results of painstaking and persistent diligence. He was cautious, conservative, patient, cool, thorough, and shrewd, without moral enthusiasm or that glow of genius which touches the hearts and kindles the feelings of others and makes a great leader. He was early mature, as the recently published volumes of his speeches and other writings show, and his taste for politics was as apparent in his youth as in his age. There is a didactic dryness in his style which prevents a general interest in his papers, but they show all the qualities that we have mentioned. From the first he was a strong party man, but he was less the leader than the senior consulting counsel of his party. In the utter prostration and demoralization of the Democratic party after the war, a man of Mr. Tilden's temperament and ability, who was free from gasconade, who comprehended principles, and had made himself by incessant care a master of the details of party management, was an invaluable boon; and the politician of the closet and of long letters to the newspapers became a conspicuous public figure.

When the anti-slavery sentiment penetrated the Democratic party in New York, although it did not pierce deeply, it went far enough to produce a protest in which Mr. Tilden, with his friend Mr. Bryant and others, took part. The two men illustrated the two tendencies in the party. As the contest deepened, and the Democratic party became more and more identified with the policy of slavery, the lines of separation were drawn, the free-soilers seceded, and Mr. Bryant left the party, while Mr. Tilden remained. During the war Mr. Bryant was a resolute and devoted supporter of the Administration, while Mr. Tilden, although adhering to the Union, was its critic. He was a prominent member of the society for the diffusion of political information, whose publications fostered what was known as the Copperhead sentiment, and whose spirit and counsels were fitly described by that significant word, and would certainly not have maintained the Union unconditionally. The same dry, cool caution which always distinguished Mr. Tilden characterized his position during the war. When his party fell under the dominance of Tweed, he remained the chairman of its State Committee, endeavoring to secure reform within the party. Justice upon Tweed, however, was accomplished not by reform within the party, but by the revelations made by confederates, and in the subsequent legal proceedings Mr. Tilden took an active and effective part.

As Governor of New York his great work was the pursuit of the Canal Ring. This gave him national prominence as a reformer, and he was nominated for the Presidency. In the disputed result that followed, Mr. Tilden performed his chief public service in refusing to countenance revolutionary proceedings. It was his simple duty, but under the circumstances such a duty, however simple and obvious, is not always performed. Undoubtedly Mr. Tilden could have precipitated a frightful civil war, and his honorable refusal will not be forgotten. Since that time, in constantly declining health, he has been the sage and oracle of his party. A political disciple of Jefferson, it was undoubtedly very gratifying to him to fill a kind of Jeffersonian position at the end of his life, and to feel that Greystone was a kind of Monticello. A sagacious, self-possessed, skilful, and untiring political student and politician, with signal executive ability, he was not in sympathy with the true American feeling and movement of his time, and he will hardly be ranked with great American statesmen.

TWEED AGAIN.

The disclosures in regard to Squire and Flynn are another glimpse into city politics which recall the days of Tweed. The natural and just comments upon the conspiracy of these two men were promptly made by the daily press. Flynn is a contractor, and Squire wished to be Commissioner of Public Works. He wrote a letter to Flynn promising that if Flynn would procure his confirmation by the Aldermen he would transact the business of his office, including that of making contracts, as Flynn might direct. This meant that Flynn should contract with himself upon his own terms. The letter is stated to have been given into the keeping of Hubert O. Thompson, whose recent death was treated as the loss of an eminent public man. If Thompson was actually the custodian of the letter, he was privy to a gross public fraud and violation of law, which he concealed for political and personal reasons. Flynn, of course, denied all knowledge of the letter. But there is no doubt of its authenticity, and the executive committee of the County Democracy promptly expelled Flynn, and appointed orators to eulogize Hubert O. Thompson.

Simultaneously with the disclosure of this knavery Squire was voting as a member of the Aqueduct Board to remove Mr. McCulloh, the competent and experienced secretary of the board, and to appoint Mr. Sheehan, of Buffalo, a particular friend of Governor Hill, who approved the bill removing the city officers, except Squire, from the board, and appointing three non-resident politicians to support Squire and give him control of the board. The whole "mess" is the nastiest since the frauds of the Tweed Ring, and as Flynn and Thompson were eminent "County Democrats," it would appear that political virtue is not absolutely guaranteed by eminent position and influence in that fraternity. It is satisfactory to believe that both Squire and Flynn fall within the law. The Penal Code provides that

> "A person who gives, or offers to give, any gratuity or reward in consideration that himself or any other person shall be appointed to a public office, . . . or shall be permitted to exercise, perform, or discharge any prerogatives or duties, or to receive any emoluments of such office, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

And also,

> "A person who asks or receives, or agrees to receive, any gratuity or reward, or any promise thereof, for appointing another person, or procuring for another person any appointment to a public office, . . . is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The penalty upon conviction is imprisonment in a penitentiary or county jail for not more than one year, or by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or by both. It is a part of the unhappy condition of the city when such disclosures are made that there is always a question whether the offenders will be promptly prosecuted and punished. Robbers on a great scale of the public treasury are very apt to try to do as Tweed did—secure the officers of the law. When such officers are practically bought of powerful political organizations, the buyers are very careful of offending the other party to the bargain.

If this disclosure "shows up" Democratic politicians, it leaves Republican politicians little to boast of. The Aqueduct Bill was passed by a Republican Legislature against the remonstrance of good citizens and in full view of its purpose. It was upon its face a bargain. It was a scheme in the interest of certain politicians, and not of the public welfare, and its passage was one of the most serious reproaches against the Republican Legislature. Moreover, it is with politicians like Flynn and Squire that "the deals" are made in the city, and the moral of the whole affair is evident. Building aqueducts, and laying out streets and lighting them, and draining the city, and keeping order, are not matters of political policy; they are questions of taxation, skill, and honesty. If, however, the community agrees that they shall be put into the party arena, two things will happen—the business of the city will be fraudulently managed, and at the cost of immense expense to the citizens, and of general political demoralization. As long as the farce of party municipal nominations continues, the city will be outrageously misgoverned and the citizens enormously swindled. The Flynn and Squire exposure has come early, and before a new and complete Tweed system could be organized. But it was the beginning of the same thing. We shall now see what the courts will do. As for the Aldermen, that branch of the city government has fallen into such utter contempt that its venality is taken for granted.

THE NEWBURGH MONUMENT.

We mentioned, a few weeks since, the proposed monument at the Washington Head-quarters in Newburgh, and the Weekly for July 31 contains a picture of the proposed work. The public can see in it a faithful representation of the memorial which will be erected upon one of the most imposing and interesting spots associated with the Revolution and with Washington. The high bank at Newburgh, overlooking the Hudson, is the scene of the closing incidents of the war. The "Washington Head-quarters" are still standing, the most interesting historic house upon the river. Along this shore lay the last camp of the army. Here the Newburgh letters were written. Here Washington restrained with pathetic dignity the insubordination of the patriots. Here the army was disbanded. Nature lends her grandeur and beauty to the scene. The spot will be always a shrine of pious pilgrimage, and "the man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of" Newburgh.

The general impression of the monument, as shown in the sketch, is unfavorable. The structure is a massive building, which, as a correspondent of the New York *Journal* remarks, suggests nothing so much as an incomplete windmill. The monument should be designed with reference to the effect from the river. It should be large in style, simple, and unmistakably a commemorative structure. But the projected work is a heavy and meaningless building. In explaining the design to the trustees, Mr. Power, the contractor, said, alluding to the member of Congress from the district, upon whom the responsibility of the project seems to rest: "Mr. Beach thought that there ought to be a belvedere into which the people could mount and look out of, and that they would appreciate it more on that account." There were designs from distinguished artists which were set aside, and after some difference of opinion the design of Mr. Duncan was selected and modified. The Secretary of War adopted it, and entered into a contract with Mr. Power to execute it, and the Secretary has authorized Captain Price, of the Engineers, now stationed at West Point, to take entire charge of the work on behalf of the government. The trustees do not conceal their dissatisfaction, but they were not consulted "in the least particular," and "the monument will apparently be built whether they like it or not."

It is really a public matter of some importance. A windmill to commemorate the disbanding of the army and the greatness of Washington is not a happy conception. There is, indeed, a statue of Washington, to be executed by Mr. O'Donovan, and to be placed in the court of the structure. Mr. O'Donovan is a young sculptor of merit, and an excellent work may be expected from him. But the building, which is the conspicuous memorial, considering the place and the purpose, is simply grotesque. The Secretary of War can hardly be aware that the trustees were not consulted, or that there is in the neighborhood a very strong feeling of disapproval of the projected work. We are well aware of the great difficulties that always surround such enterprises, arising from limited means and differing tastes and rival interests and personal jealousies. But there is a general and obvious sense of fitness in such monuments which is certainly outraged in this instance, and if the decision could be reconsidered, it would be a public benefit.

THE SENATE.

Senator Hoar recently said that the Senate was never of higher character than it is now, and Senator Hawley denounced as "infamous" the constant attacks of the press upon public men. Both of these Senators very properly favored an inquiry into the scandal of the Payne election in Ohio. The scandal of the Thomas confirmation might be also investigated with advantage. The character of the Senate greatly suffers from all such acts, and it is good neither for the Senate nor for the country that its conduct should seem to justify statements which are constantly made both in public and in private. Respect for the Senate is certainly not increased by such conduct as confirming Mr. Dement, whose unfitness was known, upon the ground of "Senatorial courtesy," then reconsidering the confirmation and rejecting the nomination because the plea of "Senatorial courtesy" was withdrawn, nor by rejecting Mr. Matthews, a colored Democrat, because, as Senator Ingalls is reported to have said, it would be "bad politics" for a Republican Senate to consent to confer good offices upon colored Democrats.

The Senate's reputation is in its own keeping. Such action as we mention properly diminishes public respect. There is no doubt of the existence of a general feeling that it is becoming a club of rich men, and that Senators are not sensitive to the charge of voting upon questions in which they have a pecuniary interest. To mention the fact of such feelings is not to insult Senators, but to warn them, and we have seen no more definite and temperate statement of them than the following from a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican:*

> "The fact that the millionaires on both sides voted to sustain Mr. Payne has given new force to the complaints which are so often heard now about the Senate. It is growing more and more aristocratic, more and more regardless of public opinion, more and more separate from the House, and some people say more and more corrupt. Each Senator has his personal clerk, besides all the pages and messengers of the Senate-chamber; they do not condescend to receive cards, even from the most distinguished private citizens, before two o'clock; they go into secret session and make virulent attacks upon private character, and the majority decides for itself when it will make public the reports upon contested nominations in the way to help the party. Senator Ingalls, in the debate on the legislative bill, the other day, said that the House had no right to question the appropriation for Senators' clerks. The clerks were officers of the Senate, and the House had no right to dictate how many officers the Senate should have, or what they should be paid. The indifference of the Senators to popular clamor gives them a strength in some situations which is beneficial to the country; but when this indifference goes so far that the Senate is not sensitive to charges against its own honor, and the members capable of purchasing seats (if not guilty of it) coolly refuse to investigate grave charges, people begin to ask if there is not need of some reform. The "courtesy of the Senate" made Senators almost the bosses of their State patronage during the Republican administrations, and though Cleveland's energetic independence has somewhat shaken the traditions, Senators are still able to stand by each other in the matter of confirmations."

DISINFECTING RAGS.

The job of disinfecting rags at Quarantine, to which we have alluded several times during the year, and which has nothing to do with proper precautions against pestilence, has been practically prohibited by acting Secretary Fairchild, of the Treasury. He has ordered that old rags which have passed local quarantine at the port of importation shall be admitted to entry like all other imported commodities, and without special permits for landing from the health officers. The Secretary holds that the fact that a vessel has passed quarantine must be taken as proof that her cargo is not infected.

This is a very reasonable order, and nobody is likely to suffer from it except those who have profited by the practice which it prohibits.

REVISION OF THE RULES.

A revision of the rules by the Civil Service Commission is not to be regretted, unless there should be reason to suspect that its purpose is to weaken them. But no such reason exists. The changes thus far made have strengthened and not weakened them. Revision is not a reflection upon the late Commission, because the rules were necessarily tentative, and experience alone could show where they could be wisely modified. Some practices also might have been allowed at the beginning of the application of the system, either from motives of expediency or from want of clear perception, which should be corrected. We wish to say, however, that the statement to which we recently alluded in some remarks upon the New York Custom-house, that the late Commission, or some member of it, favored reporting the entire eligible list to the appointing officer, is wholly without foundation. The rules of the Commission expressly forbade it, and there was no desire to change that rule, but constant opposition to the suggestion.

When it is understood throughout the service that the Commission is in earnest, and that neglect of the rules will be promptly observed and a satisfactory explanation required, there will be a general strengthening all along the line. If it should be generally believed that appointing officers are enemies to the reformed system, and that when they are so their disregard of its requirements is overlooked at head-quarters, it will be impossible to foster public belief that the system is honestly enforced. The consequence will be that the best men will not apply for examination, and the public service and the public will be the losers.

There is a great deal of such distrust now, and it is very natural. At the New York Custom-house, for instance, the Collector and the Surveyor are believed to be opposed to the reformed system. It is generally supposed that an applicant must have some political "pull," or that he has no chance. This belief, even if it were unfounded, naturally persuades Republicans that it is useless to apply. But a Commission thoroughly in earnest would make evasions and violations of the rules exceedingly uncomfortable for the heads of the classified service.

PERSONAL.

Colonel T. W. Knox, author of the "Boy Traveller" series, the seventh volume of which is now in press, is a man of commanding presence and courtly dignity, fifty-one years old. Ever since childhood he has had a fondness for travelling, and already he has gone twice around the world. Next to the United States, the country of which he is fondest is Japan. "It is the most picturesque region of the globe," he says, "and its people are the politest and pleasantest; I brought from it the most delightful recollections, and I would spend my life there if I could not live in America." Colonel Knox's "Boy Travellers" are so popular, being interesting alike to boys, girls, and parents, that the name of a new volume of the series is not announced until the book is ready for distribution, lest its appearance be forestalled by some similar work on the same subject.

—It takes eleven columns of the British Museum catalogue to recount the books and pamphlets of which Mr. Gladstone is the subject. Many of them are satirical, with such names as *The Mahdi of Midlothian* and *The Wondrous Adventures of St. William the Woodcutter*. The titles of Mr. Gladstone's own writings, in their various editions, fill six columns.

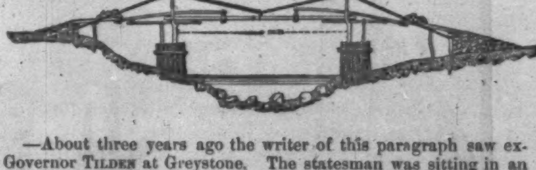
—One of the souvenirs of the Old Volunteer Fire Department is the Olympic Club—an institution founded by the "Fire Laddies" in 1841 at Barren Island, near Sheepshead Bay, and now located at Bay Shore, Long Island. It owns thirteen buildings, and has seventy members, but in earlier days the founders used to do their own cooking, just as camping parties in the Adirondacks and elsewhere sometimes do now. The president is that well-known "fire laddie" Mr. James F. Wenman, a brave engineer of the Old Volunteer Fire Department, who neither drinks nor smokes. The club offers the best hotel accommodations to its members, and unlimited opportunities for yachting and other out-door sports.

—Mr. Wilson Barrett spoke some farewell words from the stage of the Princess's Theatre in London, before leaving that city for New York. He was going to America, he said, for the first time, but he was not going altogether among strangers, for since his intended tour had been announced he had received many kind invitations, as well as many letters from American actors and actresses, one and all of which had tendered him kind words of encouragement and sympathy. He has accepted an invitation of the Lotos Club to dinner on the 11th of October.

—The election of General Martin T. McMahon to the Presidency of the Society of the Army of the Potomac is a deserved honor. It shows very impressively how busy death has been among the conspicuous soldiers of the war, for although the fact of having held a high military command is not an essential in an election to an honorary office like this, it usually accompanies it. During the war General McMahon's chief services were rendered as Chief of Staff of the Sixth Corps. In his new capacity he presided at the banquet given August 4 to the Society of the Army of the Potomac by the Pacific branch of that society. General McMahon's portrait was published in Harper's Weekly for July 11, 1885, upon the occasion of his appointment as United States Marshal.

—Three years before her death, George Sand wrote: "My health is good. I plunge daily in the Indre, and in its icy-cold cascade my sixty-eight years of age." Her last letter was written to her Paris physician, whom she proposed to consult, saying that she wished to live longer because she felt she was still useful to her family.

—At the recent annual meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers, one of the members, Mr. J. Foster Flagg, presented a sketch of a bridge designed by "an ordinary uneducated Mexican laborer, or *peon*," who, about four years ago, while acting as a ferry-man, "happened to see a Harper's Weekly (probably sent to some one of our engineers), which had in it an illustration of a suspension-bridge. This was a new light to him, and he revolved the matter over in his mind to see if he could not imitate the bridge with the materials at his command, viz., the round sticks and vines cut from the forest, and small rough-hewn sticks of timber. As a result he put up a structure closely imitating the ordinary suspension-bridge," which served very well for foot-passengers, and for passing backward and forward the men and the tools used in building a railway bridge at the same site. A heavy freshet having destroyed this suspension-bridge, the same *peon* constructed another design as follows:



—About three years ago the writer of this paragraph saw ex-Governor Tilden at Greystone. The statesman was sitting in an easy-chair, and an ordinary chair was placed close to it for the convenience of his visitor. The topics that engaged the conversation related exclusively to the extent of the farm, the magnificence of the view from the tower of the house, and the beauty of the "Tilden oak" near the back door. As had been the case for several years, the Governor was able to speak in a whisper only. His right hand hung useless and in a constant tremor, and one of his upper eyelids drooped so as almost to hide the eye. The house contained ninety-nine rooms, but no one of them was finished or furnished in the style of modern luxury that characterizes the carved satin-wood dining-room of the Governor's city residence in Gramercy Park. The surroundings were akin to those of an English nobleman at his country-seat.

—Perhaps the most brilliant author in the present House of Commons is Mr. John Morley. That authors as a rule shun Parliament is notorious, according to the London *Times*. Mr. Justin McCarthy, however, is a member, and his *History of Our Own Times* is, according to that journal, "by far the most successful work on history, except Mr. Green's *Short History of England*, published since Macaulay's." Sir John Lubbock is another member, but the authors of the first rank are very few.

—The female physician in America has successful sisters abroad. Miss Dolores Leonart-y-Casanovas has received the degree of M.D. from the University of Barcelona, after eleven years of study, many prizes, and the first honors in all her examinations. She entered the university at eight, and is now nineteen.

—The magnificent palace known as Houghton Hall, in England, has come under the hammer of the auctioneer. It was thirteen years (1722–1735) in building, by Sir Robert Walpole, and the mahogany used in finishing the rooms was specially imported from Honduras. The grounds include a deer park, plantations, woods, twenty-two farms, 250 cottages, and half a dozen manors, the whole embracing an extent of 17,000 acres. The most eminent painters and sculptors of the day contributed to the adornment of the palace. As the highest bid offered for the Hall and 10,564 acres of ground was $1,500,000, no sale was made. The Hall alone was said to have cost $2,250,000.

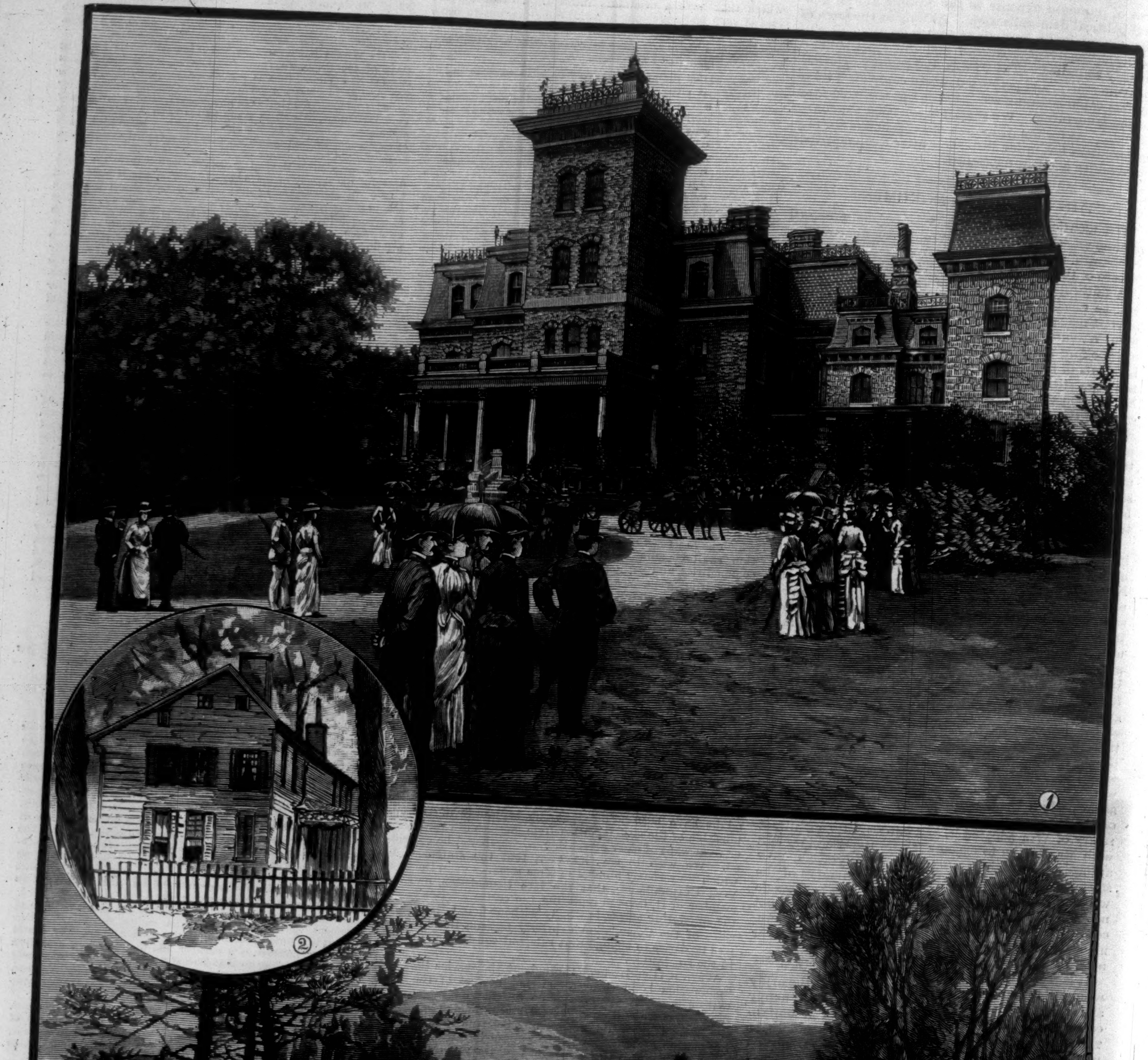
—One of our Chicago contemporaries announces that "poor Will Carleton, the author of 'Betsy and I are Out,' 'Over the Hills to the Poor-House,' and many other doleful but pathetic ditties, died some time ago." Mr. Carleton, we are glad to say, is as live a man as ever, and is summering at Nantasket. Our contemporary is right, however, in stating that "his songs made him famous," and that "his countrymen hold him in affectionate regard."

—The Paris official who acts as a licenser of plays has rejected six plays in the last sixteen years, four of them for diplomatic reasons, one for its friendliness to the Commune, and one for its immorality. The last-named was written by Zola.

—Mr. William Morris, the poet and artist, declares that when at Oxford he unlearned rather than learned anything. He studied architecture, but the drudgery of the detail work was too much for him. He took up painting, but concluded to seek distinction by applying the highest form of art to decoration. He despises the present competitive system of education, likening it to stuffing a turkey up to the point of suitability for eating.

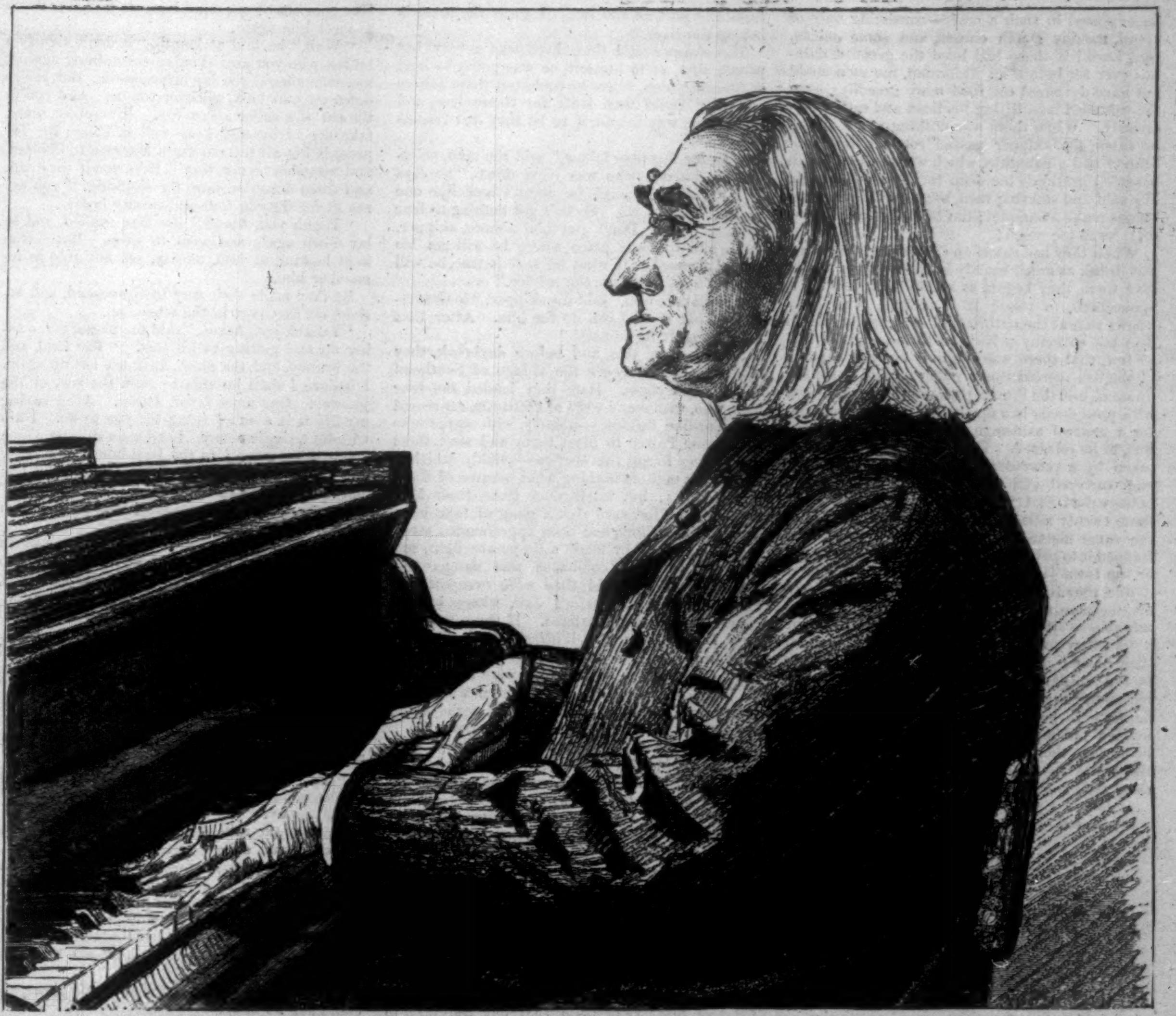
—Long before the birth of King Solomon lived King Seti of Egypt. After the lapse of more than three thousand years his mummy has been discovered, and transferred to the museum of Boulak. He was an old man when he died, and his eyebrows are white; but his face is still smiling, delicate, and amiable, and withal so well preserved that any of his contemporaries would recognize him at once were they able to recognize anything.

—Mr. Beecher's lecture at Exeter Hall on the 19th of July was not largely attended, probably because the admission fees were too high. His personal appearance reminded one of his hearers of Benjamin Franklin, and his "magnificent presence, his mobility of countenance, his modulation of voice, his splendid diction, and his original thought combined to make the man much greater than the occasion."



THE FUNERAL OF SAMUEL J. TILDEN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7.—From Photographs by Artotype Company, and Sketches by W. P. Snyder and L. Joutel.—[See Page 522.]

1. Leaving Greystone. 2. Mr. Tilden's Birthplace. 3. At the Grave.



FRANZ LISZT.—[See Page 519.]

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

HOW JACK CAME HOME AGAIN.

And now I have to tell how Jack was joyfully restored to us. It was in sorry plight, and after many disasters and sore privations, which killed his companions, but left him—to look upon—none the worse, when he came back to good food and decent clothes again. I think that no one had ever a more wonderful story to tell, and yet there was never a worse hand at telling his adventures. Lucky it was for Ulysses, and for Æneas, that they found poets to sing their sufferings and their wanderings, for, I dare say, the former, at least, would have made a poor hand at telling them himself. A greater than Ulysses was here; and no one, until now, has ever told, save imperfectly, the story of his voyage. It will never be narrated as it ought to be, movingly, and to the life; and the sailing of the *Countess of Dorset* among the Pacific Islands, and the discoveries which she made, and the dreadful calamities which befell the ship and the crew, will no more be remembered than if she had been some poor and insignificant collier, cast away, with her crew of half a dozen men and a boy, on the Goodwin Sands.

It is also a strange circumstance that his life should have been saved by the man who, man and boy, was his steady and constant enemy. Nay, as you will see in the sequel, his life was once more saved by the same hand—a thing which clearly shows the hand of Providence, if it were only designed in mercy as a rebuke to the man who desired and even endeavored to compass the death of his enemy and rival. Yet I never heard tell that Aaron Fletcher repented of the hatred which he always bore to Jack.

One night in the month of September, and the year seventeen hundred and fifty-six—a dark and cloudy night, the stars hidden and no moon, a light breeze flying, but only in puffs, and hardly enough to fill the canvas, and a soft and soaking rain falling—a small vessel, rigged with foresail, spritsail, main-sail, and top-sail, was slowly making her way across the German Ocean. Her name was the *Willing Mind*, of Sheerness; she was manned by a crew of five, two more than are generally taken on board a fishing-craft of her dimensions. Of these men, the skipper sat in the stern, the ropes in his hand, two were lying asleep beside the skipper, covered with a tarpaulin, and two were in the bows keeping watch. She carried no light, but she was sailing well north of the track of outward-bound vessels, and was by this time too close to the Essex coast to fear being run down by colliers. Perhaps the watch was on the lookout for lights on the coast, or for a King's revenue-cutter, of which there are many along the east coast, and they greatly molest this kind of craft, overhauling them suspiciously, and searching for brandy and the like, impressing the honest fishermen on board, and sometimes even imprisoning them, haling them before a magistrate, and bringing them to trial; and even, if they show much resistance, hanging them; and by their very appearance always obliging the crew to throw overboard, if they have time, the whole of their cargo. It generally consists of a strange kind of fish, in the shape of kegs, runlets, and jars, with bungs and corks in their mouths. Perhaps the *Willing Mind* showed no light because the skipper and his crew dreaded being captured by a French privateer; for we were again at war with France, and the Channel was crowded with these hornets, though, as a rule, they hardly ventured north of the Goodwin Sands, or off the Nore.

The boat slipped through the water slowly and silently, save for a gentle ripple in the bows. There was little way on her, but she kept moving.

"I take it," said the skipper, grumbling, "that it is already past midnight; we ought to have made Shoeburyness by now. In three hours it will be daylight, and perhaps the dogs upon us—and with such a cargo!"

"The breeze will freshen with the dawn, master," said one of the men in the bow.

"And then it may be too late. And we haven't had such a cargo for a twelvemonth. What is that off the starboard bow?"

"It looks like a buoy. But it can't be a buoy!" It was a black object, indistinct as yet, but they were nearing it. Presently a hoarse cry of "Sail ahoy!" came across the water. It was repeated twice.

"It is a boat, with four men in her," said the watch, making her out. "A little dingy she is. Now what the plague is she doing out here?"

"Sail ahoy!" came across the water again. And now they could distinguish the figures of three or four men standing up in the boat.

The skipper cursed and swore, and put up his helm.

"Sail ahoy! for Jesus' sake! We are sinking!" cried the men.

The skipper cursed and swore again, louder and deeper; but he altered his course, and bore down upon the boat.

There were five men in her, but one of them lay in the stern with his head upon his arms, motionless. The boat had neither oars, mast, nor sails; she was half full of water, and the men were baling her with their hats.

"For God's sake, take us aboard!" they cried. "It is as much as we can do to keep afloat, and we are starving!"

"Who are you?" asked the skipper.

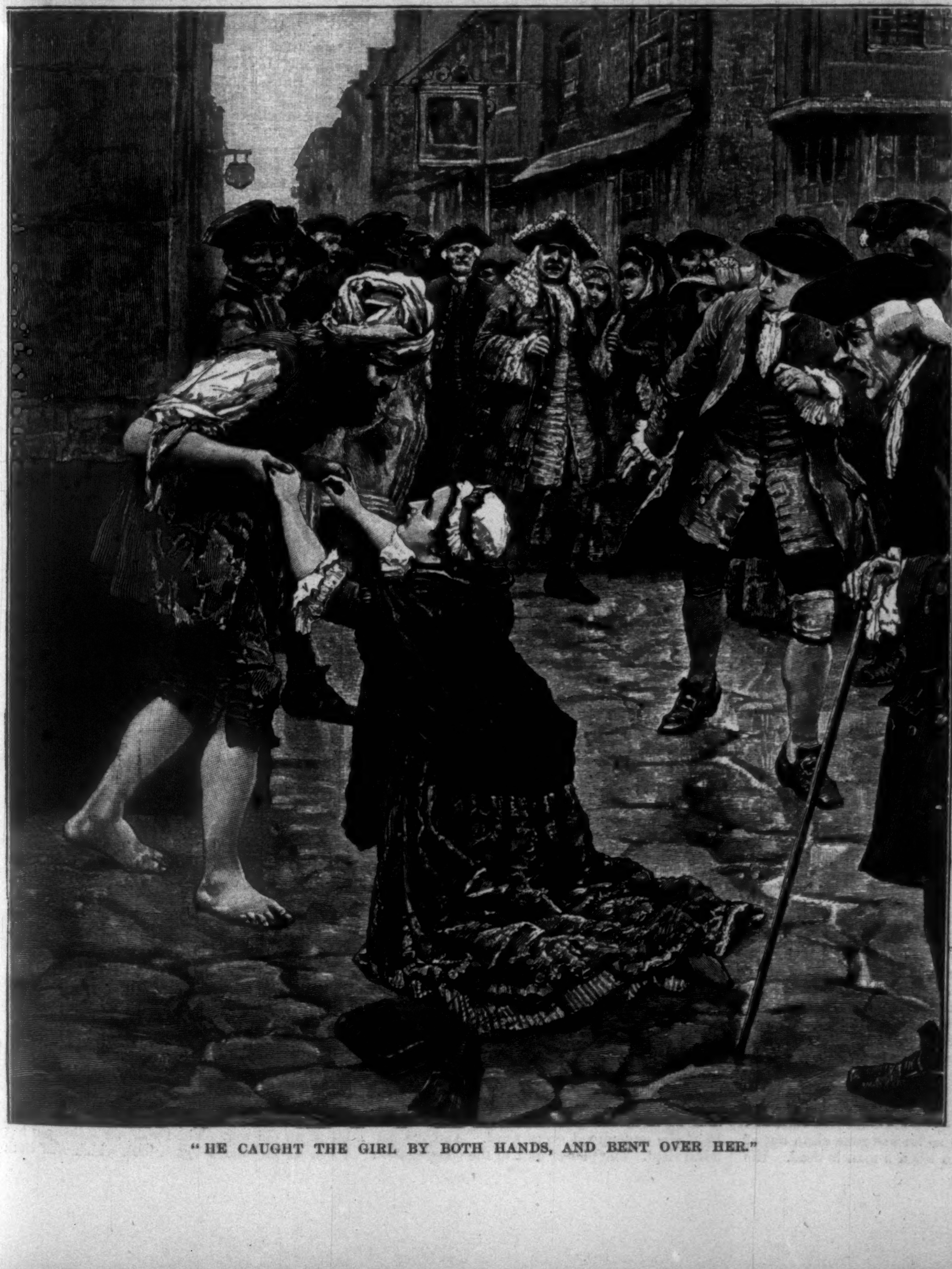
"We have broke from a French prison," they told him; "and four days out, and nothing to eat."

Still the skipper hesitated.

"Cap'en," said one of the men, "we can guess pretty easy who you are and what is your business. That is nothing to us. Take us on board. You shan't regret it. Only take us on board and give us something to eat, and set us ashore on English soil; and if you were laden with all the brandy there is in the world, you should never be sorry for coming to our help."

The skipper cursed them again for interrupting his run. But it would have been the most shocking inhumanity to refuse; therefore, with a bad grace, and sulkily, he ordered them to get on board as quickly as they could. This they did; but they had to help the man in the stern, because he had got an open wound in his head and had lost much blood, besides being nearly starved. So they lifted him in and laid him on a tarpaulin, and cast off their crazy little boat, and the smack went on her course again.

Then the skipper, who was not wanting in generosity, though he cursed them for stopping him, pulled out of the locker such provisions as might



"HE CAUGHT THE GIRL BY BOTH HANDS, AND BENT OVER HER."

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be expected in such a craft—consisting only of bread, mouldy Dutch cheese, and some onions. But, Lord! if these had been the greatest dainties ever set before an Alderman, the men could not have devoured the food more greedily; even the wounded man lifting his head and eating ravenously. When there was nothing at all left to be eaten, the skipper passed round a bottle of brandy and a pannikin, which were received with heartfelt gratitude too deep for power of speech. For cold and starving men, bread and cheese and onions make a banquet; but brandy in addition—oh! 'twas too much!

When they had eaten up everything, therefore, and drunk as much brandy as their rescuer would give them, they began, as sailors will, through a spokesman, to relate their story. Everybody knows that at the outbreak of the war the French fleet put so many privateers to sea, and we had so few, that there was nothing but the capture of English merchantmen going up and down the Channel, and the French prisons were soon choked with poor devils laid up by the heels, and waiting for a general exchange, or for the close of the war, to be released. Three of the men had been taken by a privateer out of a West Indiaman, and conveyed with others up the country to a place called St. Omer, which is a fortified town some twenty miles from Dunquerque, and about the same distance from Calais, and were then clapped into prison in the citadel, or the barracks, or the town jail, I know not which. Wherever it was, they found there, among the other prisoners, the man who lay wounded on the tarpaulin, not able to sit up, and saying nothing. And he it was, they said, who had devised the plan of their escape. There were a dozen more who were in the plot, and should have made the attempt, but at the last moment they lost heart, as always happens in an adventure so desperate, and remained behind. As things turned out, it was lucky that there were no more of them, because there was certainly no room for any more in their rickety little boat.

I do not rightly understand how the escape was effected, because in the subject of fortifications I am ignorant, though Jack hath often endeavored to explain to me the nature of scarp, counterscarp, bastion, and so forth. However, they surmounted all these difficulties, and in the dead of night they found themselves on the right side of the ramparts—that is, on the outside—and with open country all round them. Then, steering by the stars, they made due north. Before they got half-way on their journey they were surprised by dawn, and forced to seek a hiding-place, which they found in a wood or coppice beside a river, where the shelter was good, though the lying was wet and swampy. Here they staid all day, with nothing to eat except a few berries, then happily ripe. At nightfall they started again, and, as they judged, soon after midnight found themselves on a sandy coast somewhere between Calais and Dunquerque, near a place called Gravelines. But there was no boat on this open and deserted coast, and they wandered up and down for a long time seeking for one, and fearing lest they might again have to seek a night's shelter. When, at last, they found one, it was hauled up high and dry on the sand. This would have mattered little; but, unluckily, her owner, or a man who behaved like her owner, was sleeping on the sand beside her. There was no choice, but they must needs have her, and while they dragged her down to the sea, the Frenchman woke up, and perceiving that he was being robbed of his boat, he lugged out a knife and made at them, and before he could be fairly knocked on the head, gave their leader a desperate cut across the face, from which he lost a great deal of blood and was much weakened. They got him safely into the boat, however, though he was fainting from the wound, and so put to sea, and hoped to be able to row across the Channel, if they should have the good luck to 'scape the privateers, and make the port of Dover in eight or ten hours; or perhaps they might be picked up by some English ship, if they were lucky. They had neither mast nor sail in the boat, and there were no provisions in it of any kind. Also, as they quickly discovered, she very soon sprung a leak, and had to be baled out continually. They rowed on, however, taking turns, for three or four hours. Then a most unfortunate thing happened. For while two of them were rowing lustily, in their eagerness to lose no time, and to get across and land on English soil again, and the oars being not only small but old and rotten, they both snapped short off close to the rowlock at the same time. This accident dashed all their hopes, for though they tore up two of the boat's planks, thinking to row with them, it was slow work; then they tried to make a sail with a shirt and one of these planks, there being a light breeze from the sou'-west, and they got, as they supposed, into the current. They were carried certainly, as they discovered at daybreak, out of sight of the French coast, but also, which was another misfortune, outside the track of ships, and so, though they saw many sail in the distance, they passed none near enough to be picked up, and in this miserable condition tossed and drifted for four days and four nights, and were now wellnigh spent, and the leak in the boat growing every moment worse, so that she threatened to fill with water and to sink under them unless they baled continually.

"It's easy guessing," they repeated, after they had told their story, "what you've got on board: that's no concern of ours. Only you put us ashore. Without making bold to inquire further, tell us where we are, and how far from shore."

"As to where we are," said the skipper, "the night is dark, and I don't rightly know. But to the best of my guessing, we are not far from Shoeburyness, which should lay right ahead; but the shore is low, and difficult to make out."

"Mate," said the spokesman, "land us as far from any port as you can. I guess the press is hot up the river."

The skipper said that there was a very hot press; that, as to himself, he was going to land at Shoeburyness, where he could put them ashore and they could then shift for themselves, and make their way inland, if so be they had friends anywhere.

"As for this poor fellow," said the man, pointing to the one who was lying down, "he says he's an officer, though he doesn't look like one in those rags of his. So he's got nothing to fear from a press. Don't put him ashore, skipper. Take him to some place where he will get his wound dressed. If what he says is true, he will be able to pay you for the service."

"I will take him," said the skipper, "to Gravesend. That is all I can do for him. After that he must shift for himself."

Shortly after this, and before daybreak, they made the land between the village of Southend and Shoeburyness. Here they landed the four men, who, with many vows of gratitude, expressed in sailor-like fashion — namely, with appeals to the Divine Power to blast them and sink them if they ever forgot this service—quickly vanished inland. It matters nothing what became of these poor fellows; but intelligence came from Maldon shortly afterward that a gang of four men, dressed like sailors, had been apprehended stealing a sheep. They made a desperate fight, and one of the posse comitatus was dangerously wounded. In the end they were overpowered, and taken to Chelmsford Jail, where in due course they were all hanged. If these were the men landed from the *Willing Mind*, the poor wretches had better have remained in their prison at St. Omer, where, at least, they were living a life of innocency, although half starved with their meagre soup and sour bread. But perhaps the men who were hanged were another gang.

Now, as regards the cargo of the *Willing Mind*—I mean that load of fish, all with corks and bungs in their mouths—it would be a shame for me to disclose where it was landed, and by whom it was received, though one may know very well. I am not a spy and an informer; the revenue officers may find out for themselves the secrets of the trade which they have to stop, if they can. I say not whether it is such a trade as a person of tender conscience may undertake, but, at least, this much may be said for it—that those who practise it know beforehand the risks they run, and the punishment which awaits them if they are captured.

Enough to say that the landing was successful, and that about noon that day the *Willing Mind*, now in ballast, was running up the Thames with full sail, wind and tide favorable, bound for Gravesend; and the wounded man was so far recovered that he was now sitting up and looking about him. He was a wild creature to look at, being, to begin with, horribly thin, as if he had had no food for months; he had suffered his beard to grow, and it now covered his whole face, so that he looked like a Turk, with his hair long and uncombed; his head was bound up with a dirty and bloody clout, which hid one eye; there was blood upon his cheek. Presently, while he looked about him with lack-lustre gaze, the pain of his wound being great, his eye fell upon the skipper, and he started and became suddenly alive and alert.

"Aaron Fletcher, by the Lord!" he cried.

"That is my name," replied the skipper. "I am not ashamed of it. But I don't know you, mate."

"You have forgotten me, Aaron. If you had known me, you would have been all the more anxious to save my life. Of that I am well assured. We should have foundered in five minutes. As for me, I cared nothing whether we sank or swam. All is one to a starving man. Give me another tot of brandy, Aaron. Don't you recognize me now?"

"Man, I never clapped eyes on you before to my knowledge. But since you know my name, and therefore, likely, where I live, so that you might do mischief, let me tell you"—here he insisted or emphasized the assurance by a dozen or two of round oaths, such as he and his kind have always ready to hand for all purposes—"that if you are going to turn informer, after all you have seen, it would be better for you if we had thrown you overboard at once with a shot to your heels. One or other of us, my lad, will have your blood."

The other men of the crew murmured approval of this sentiment with additions of their own invention, about cutting the weasand, breaking bones and limbs, gouging out eyes, and so forth.

"The same old Aaron," said the man. "Why, you have not changed, save that you are stouter and bigger. The same sweet and unsuspicious temper. I wonder if there is another such treat in store for us both as we had when last we met?"

"Who the devil are you?" asked Aaron, staring, partly because the man knew him, and because so ragged a fellow should talk with such boldness. But as yet quite unsuspecting.

"That, my friend, if you cannot guess, I shall not tell you. As for your kegs, fear not. I care nothing where they were bestowed, nor to whom they were consigned, nor where they came from. So far as I am concerned, you are safe. Besides, you have saved my life. This cut in the head, d'ye see, cost me so much blood that I do not think I could have endured another night of starvation. Why, man, I have had to live for weeks with nothing but a taste now and again, when the chance came, of putrid seal or rotten fish! I'm downright tired of starving."

"Who are you, then?" Aaron looked at him hard, but could make nothing of him.

Yet it was strange that he did not begin to suspect. This, I take it, was because, like everybody else, he had quite made up his mind that Jack was long since dead, and so he was gone clean out of his mind. This is so when a man is dead. His face goes out of our mind because we never think to meet him again.

"Well," he said at length, "it don't signify a button who you are. You've got nothing against me, even should you lay information. But you're down on your luck, whoever you be. And you've the cut of a sailor about you. Wherefore, mate, take my advice and keep well in shore, for the press is hot all the way from Margate to Chelsea, and wounded or not, they'll have you if they can, and three dozen or more for skulking, if you are not fit for duty in four-and-twenty hours."

"Thank you, Aaron," the man replied, and so lay down again and went to sleep. But Aaron kept looking at him, uneasy, yet not able to remember him.

So they made their way to Gravesend, and arrived off that port in the afternoon.

"I thank you, Aaron," said the passenger, waking up and getting to his feet. "The food, and the brandy, and the sleep, have set me up again. I believe I shall be able to walk the rest of the journey. One more favor, Aaron. After saving my life it is a small thing for you to do. I am without a single penny. Lend me a shilling, which I will bring myself to the boat-house and repay you when you come home. You don't know me, Aaron! Why, man, how goes the boat-building?"

Aaron produced the money, still staring with all his eyes, as the children say.

"A shilling, Aaron, is not much. If it was six years ago, I should say we would fight for it." So he dashed back the hair that hung about his face, and looked Aaron full in the face with a laugh.

"Good Lord!" cried Aaron. "It's Jack Easterbrook!"

"Mr. Easterbrook, ye dog. I am in rags, but I am a King's officer still, and you are nothing but a common smuggler."

"It's Mr. Jack Easterbrook," Aaron repeated. "He's come back again!"

"As for this shilling, Aaron, shall we fight for it now?"

"But— Oh Lord! How in the world did you get in such rags as this? And where's the *Countess of Dorset*?"

"As for the rags, where I got them was in the Isle of Chiloe, off the Patagonian coast, and if I had not got them I should have come home as naked as Adam in his innocency. And as for the *Countess of Dorset*, her timbers are where I got my rags, on the coast of South America, and her crew are mostly beside her timbers, such parts of them, that is, as the crabs have not been able to devour."

"Oh Lord!" Aaron gazed as if at a ghost, and could say no more.

"Do they think me dead, Aaron?"

"All of them—except, I'm told, Mr. Brinjes."

"Oh! And the Admiral?"

"It isn't for the likes of me to know what his honor thinks, sir," said Aaron. "But he's been going heavy for a good time past, and they do say as how he frets more than a bit about your drowning."

Jack was silent for a bit.

"And Bess Westmoreland?" he asked.

"What has she got to think about you for? You are a gentleman, though in rags at this present moment. As for Bess, she is but the daughter of a Penman. She belongs to the likes of us, not to gentleman officers."

"She must be grown a big girl now. Well, Aaron, and Mr. Brinjes?"

"He's a devil. He's worse than ever. He gave Lance Pegg, of Anchor Alley, the rheumatics last week, and threatens her with worse for rope's-endin' that girl of hers. He's a devil! and never a day older since your honor went away."

"So, Aaron, you have saved my life, though you did not intend it. Yet I take it kindly. I do not think you would have suffered your old townsman and your old crony, whom you used to fight whenever you met him, to drown, if you had known who was in the boat."

"I would not, sir," said Aaron, stoutly. "Yet, to tell the truth, I'd as lief you were at the bottom of the sea, in Davy's locker, where we all thought you were, and where you ought to be by rights, your ship and the crew all being there except you."

"Give me thy hand, Aaron."

So they shook hands.

"As for the shilling, sir," said Aaron, "let me make it a guinea; and if your honor will let me pay for a decent suit of clothes, or shoes, at least—"

"Nay, Aaron. As you found me, so shall they find me. The shilling will be enough to pay for all I want; and I have gone so long barefooted that my feet are as hard as leather, and feel not the road. As for the shilling, we will, perhaps, fight for it. But not yet. You would not, I am sure, being an honorable man, wish me to fight until I have recovered my strength. Farewell, Aaron."

So he stepped ashore, and with such lightness of step as reminded Aaron of the old days when Jack stepped down the street in his midshipman's uniform, free and careless. He was light of step because of the joy of returning home, yet he was still somewhat dizzy and weak. However, he had a shilling to pay for supper, and he had but twenty miles to walk, or thereabouts — a short distance for those who are strong and well, but a long journey to be done on foot by a man with an open wound on his forehead, and half starved to boot, so that it is not surprising that he did not reach Deptford till noon next day.

The next day was Sunday.

At half past twelve the Vicar of St. Paul's finished a most learned discourse upon certain philosophical systems of the Phœnicians, the Chaldæans, the Greeks, and the Egyptians, deducing Christian truths, by the method known as analogy, from each. Castilla, I remember, sat with folded hands, and eyes fixed upon the preacher, as if she understood every word. And the Admiral slept. The poorer part of the congregation behaved after their kind; that is to say, the men slept, the women sat perfectly still, and the boys fidgeted. When one became too noisy, he was taken out by the beadle and caned in the church-yard among the tombs, the other boys all listening, and counting the strokes, as if the number administered was in itself a fine moral lesson. (The same thing may be observed both in the Army and the Navy.) When I read that the Papists attach a particular merit to mere attendance or presence during the performance of their mass, I cannot but think that the same indulgence might be extended to our poor ignorant rustics and servants for their patient attendance at the sermons of which they understand nothing.

When morning service was ended, the Vicar came down from the pulpit and walked into the vestry, preceded by the beadle carrying his stick of office, and followed by the clerk. Then the people all stood up in respect to the Quality, who led the way out of the church. First there walked down the aisle the Admiral, his wig that morning combed, curled, and powdered, and with him his lady in hoop and satin, and his daughter Castilla in hoop and sarsnet, very beautiful to behold. After them came Mr. Pett, the shipbuilder, with his wife and family; Mr. Underhill, the retired purser, who was a bachelor; Mr. Mostyn, the Cocket-writer of the Customs; Mr. Shelvocke with his family, and others who lived in the genteel houses beside the Bridge; and with them I walked down the aisle, though only a painter, and an apprentice at that. When we had passed down the aisle, and conversed for a few minutes, standing on the great stone terrace which makes St. Paul's Church so stately, we separated, some taking the pathway through the church-yard to the right into Church Lane, and others to the left into Bridge Street. I walked beside Castilla, who carried her Book of Common Prayer and was silent, doubtless meditating on the spiritual truths of the Vicar's sermon. Behind us came three out of the Admiral's four negroes, and Philadelphy, splendid in her red silk handkerchief and a blue speckled frock. And after us came the common sort, flocking out together, the boys, for their part, glad that the sermon was finished, and all of them longing for the Sunday's beef and pudding. The poor do certainly exercise the virtue of patience more than the rich, especially at a sermon, of which, when a learned Divine like my father preaches it, they can understand not one word. So that one may forgive them for the unrestrained joy which, on every Sunday, the faces in the side aisles manifest at the conclusion of the discourse, not only of the boys and girls, but of the grown-up people as well. Among those who followed after the better sort were Mr. Westmoreland, the Penman, and his daughter—he bent and feeble, round-shouldered and meek, leaning on his stick, and by his side Bess, tall and upright as a lance, dressed somewhat finer than those of her condition are wont to go, and holding her head in the air as if she was a queen. Strange that her father should be so meek and humble, and that no learning of the catechism could teach Bess meekness or humility. There is, I now understand, a certain quality in beauty which prevents its owner from lowliness, however humble be her station. The young fellows looked after Bess as she came forth from the church; but she regarded them with proud eyes, and passed on disdainful, as if she was too high and good for any of them. Therefore they followed after the other girls, who were as willing as Bess was proud, and perhaps, in these honest fellows' eyes, not much less beautiful.

Just opposite the church-yard gate, close to the principal entrance of Trinity Hospital, we observed, as we passed into Church Lane and turned to the right, a fellow leaning against the posts. He was tall and big-limbed, but thin and wasted, as if he had been suffering from some disease or dreadful privations. One could very well see that he was a sailor, though in his dress, such as it was, there was little to show it. He wore a common sailor's petticoat or slops; he had a ragged waistcoat, buttoned up to the neck, because he had neither shirt nor cravat; he was bareheaded and barefooted; his hair was long and matted; round his forehead was tied a dirty clout or handkerchief, red with streaks of blood, so that he seemed to have but one eye.

As we came out of the church-yard I caught sight of him, and thought, naturally, how he would look if he were drawn just so in those rags, and put into a picture, making one of a group. And I saw, but suspected nothing—how could we be all so foolish and blind as not to see, with half an eye, who it was?—how he started when we came forth from the church-yard, and made as if he would move toward us, perhaps to beg, but checked himself, and waited where he was.

But the Admiral stopped, and surveyed him leisurely from head to foot. Then he lugged out his purse and found a shilling, which he bestowed upon the man.

"My lad," he said, "thou art a sailor, and thou hast fallen among thieves, belike. I will not ask where thy wound was gotten, nor in what company; nor how thou art in such ragged plight. Take this money. Go into dock and refit. When this is spent, come to me for another. And when all is well again, volunteer and serve the King, and so keep out of mischief."

He shook his gold stick with admonition, and stumped away. But the man took the coin and held it in his hand, without saying a word of thanks, I still watching him in my foolish way, because so picturesque a rogue had I never seen, most of our ragged vagabonds spoiling their beauty, so to speak, by going in an old wig torn in half, burned, uncombed, and dirty, that hath, perhaps, been used by a shoeblack to rub the shoes in his trade. There is no picturesqueness possible in an old wig. Yet I was not so stupid but I saw in the man's eye a look which was both wistful and sorrowful, though I did not then interpret it in that manner.

So the Admiral went on, followed by his good lady, who held her skirts in her hand, and stared at the man in her turn, as ladies sometimes look at such poor wretches—namely, as if they were of a different clay, and had another kind of Adam for their father. But one must not expect a gentlewoman such as the Admiral's lady (she was by birth distantly connected with the Right Honorable the Earl of Bute, and a Scotswoman) to understand how, beneath the most rugged exterior, there may be found admirable qualities of courage and fidelity. So she gazed upon him, turned her head, and went her way after the Admiral. After her came Castilla. "Poor man!" she said, in her sweet way, "I would I had some money to give thee; but I have none. Truly thou art to be pitied. I wish thee better fortune and a ship."

She had been taught by her father, and fully believed it, that the only place where these rough tarpaulins were happy and out of mischief was on board ship. Seeing that they are so often drunk and fighting and in trouble on shore, perhaps she was right. But then ashore there is no bo's'n, and there is no cat-o'-nine-tails, save for pickpockets. So she looked at him compassionately, and he moved his lips as if he would have spoken, but did not. And so she passed on her way.

Then came I myself. I said nothing, but he looked at me with a kind of sorrowful wonder. I remembered directly afterward what that eye of his said as plain as it could speak; but at the moment I was deaf to its voice, and blind and stupid, thinking only of a bundle of rags on a tall figure, and how the man and the rags would look in a picture. After ourselves came the negroes and Philadelphy. The men rolled their eyes at this poor fellow with the contempt that a fat and well-fed negro always feels, forgetful of his skin, for a starving white man, and if their master had been out of hearing they would have laughed aloud, and even rolled on the ground, in the enjoyment of his suffering. Nothing makes a negro laugh more joyfully than to see somebody hurt. That is, perhaps, why some of their kings celebrate their most joyful festivals with horrid murders and rivers of blood. Philadelphy followed her young mistress, and had no eyes for any one else, being, though a witch and a sorceress, and an Obeah woman, faithful to Miss Castilla.

When we had passed, the Vicar came out of the vestry, and so into Church Lane.

"Why, my friend," he said, stopping to contemplate the scarecrow, "where hast thou gotten these rags and this wound?"

"I have escaped, sir, from a French prison, and have received a hurt on the forehead."

Something in his manner touched the Vicar.

"Are you a common sailor?" he asked.

"Do I look like aught else, sir? Heard one ever of an officer in such rags as mine?"

"Yet you speak like an educated man. And your voice seems familiar to me. Follow me to the vicarage, my poor man, where you shall have a plate of victuals and a tankard of ale, and we will see what can be done to replace some of these rags, which are not proper for a Christian man and an honest man to wear."

"How doth your reverence know that I am an honest man?"

"Nay, that I know not, and there are many rogues abroad. But it is not for me—God forbid!—to attempt to separate the sheep from the goats. Therefore, sheep or goat, follow me and be welcome, in the name of our Saviour."

The Vicar left him, and he turned and would have followed, but for one thing.

We who were a few yards in advance, unthinking and unsuspecting, heard a cry which stopped the very beating of our hearts.

The cry was from Bess Westmoreland.

She too saw the ragged sailor when she passed through the church-yard gate. But she did not, like the rest of us, pass on and think no more. She suddenly broke from her father, pushed the crowd away to right and left, and fell on her knees upon the muddy ground, catching the man by both hands, like a mad thing, and crying:

"Oh, Jack! Jack! Jack! He is home again! Jack Easterbrook has come home again!"

Then, as we crowded round, we saw the tears run down his face. It was the first time and the last that ever any man saw Jack weep; yet he had plenty to cry for, both before this and after. He caught the girl by both hands, and bent over her, saying, as we all heard:

"Oh, Bess, Bess, none of them remembered me—not even Luke; none of them thought of me! But you remembered me, Bess! Oh, Bess! you remembered me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ABBÉ LISZT.

Death, who loves a shining mark, may be satisfied with his stroke at **Franz Liszt**. **Liszt's** was one of the few foremost figures of the world, and in a peculiar manner striking and picturesque, attracting attention from far beyond the range of those who were much concerned with the special manifestations of his genius. Moreover, he had been for so long famous as to seem to this generation almost immortal. By the force of his seventy-five years simply told, **Liszt** was an aged man, but his public life began so early that the term of his reputation bore no common proportion to his years; a man who began to be famous when **George** the Fourth began to reign, is far past seventy-five by all ways of reckoning except the calendar.

Probably the secret of **Liszt's** peculiar attractiveness, apart from the power of his musical genius, was the compositeness of his character, some features of which may appear from a brief outline of his life. Born in Hungary in 1811, of a family of good lineage, though no longer of easy fortune, his precocious musical genius showed itself in a way no less marked than **Mozart's**. He received formal instruction at the age of six, and at nine years old made his first public appearance. A second concert resulted in the provision, by several Hungarian noblemen, of an income for **Franz** of six hundred florins annually for six years, which made it possible for him to go to Vienna and study under **Czerny** and **Salieri**. It was here that **Beethoven**, after much urgency, attended one of **Liszt's** concerts, and gave him the historic kiss. Already several characteristics are to be noted. **Liszt's** life as a little child was wholly concentred in religion and music. Under **Czerny** he manifested the utmost disinclination to all musical formality. Of a concert of December 1, 1822, a contemporary account said: "It was really fine to see the little Hercules unite **Beethoven's** Andante from the Symphony in A, and the theme of a Cantilena from **Rossini's** *Zelmira*, and knead them, so to speak, into one paste. *Est deus in nobis.*" An appearance of such promise was auspicious; **Schindler** had just written, "The pianists of our time lose more and more the taste for what is good."

At the age of eleven, **Liszt's** father took him to Paris. The rules of the Conservatoire would not allow the admission of a foreigner, precisely as happened with **Verdi** at Milan eleven years later. This hastened the beginning of a series of successful concerts in Paris, London, and other cities. The father died in 1827, and **Liszt** brought his mother to Paris, there beginning his own unaided career. Shortly before his father's death he had earnestly asked to be allowed to become a priest, but the paternal advice determined his resolution otherwise. Extraordinary artistic and social success marked these early days in Paris.

At seventeen came **Liszt's** first love (the Countess **St. Cricq**), and an enforced renunciation, on account of difference in rank, followed by a revival of inclination toward the priesthood, which this time was checked by his mother. After this came an illness so serious that the rumor of his death was everywhere believed. The shop windows displayed his portraits, with dates of his birth and death, and *L'Etoile* published an obituary notice which said, with accurate judgment, that, had he lived, "no doubt he would have opened a new spring of musical impulse and joy." Convalescence led to a period of intellectual ferment and artistic activity, and the excitement of the Revolution. In 1830 **Liszt** came under the influence of the St. Simonians, and had renewed thought of the priestly dignity, as conceived by them, but a strong counter-influence deterred him; **Paganini** appeared, and the ideas which the St. Simonians had excited took an artistic form. This is intimated in the essay dedicated ten years later to **Paganini**, when **Liszt** asks, "What is genius else than a priestly power, revealing God to the human soul?" The priestly idea never utterly forsook him. It finds expression in the words of **Lamartine**, prefixed to the *Pensée des Morts*, "They seek in themselves, and in the creation which surrounds them, steps to mount to God, expressions and images to reveal Him to themselves, to reveal themselves to Him. May I be able to offer them such!" **Liszt** became abbé in 1865.

In the thirty years before that time he had passed under the influence of **Berlioz**, **Chopin**, **Lamennais**, had been part of the most brilliant circles of Paris, a citizen of "la Bohème," a chief of Romanticists. His ten years' connection with the Comtesse d'Agoult, the mother of his three children, ended in 1844. The three years following, given to the life of a virtuoso, were filled with unparalleled triumphs. Apparently weary of success, he settled at Weimar as director in the year 1847, where he remained till 1861, devoting himself to the protection of young and deserving artists, to bringing out modern works, especially such as could not elsewhere find a hearing; in short, to the development of music, and, not least, by producing his series of superb symphonic poems. After 1861 **Liszt** lived alternately at Rome, at Pesth, and lately again at Weimar. Charity has been almost the sole motive of his rare public appearances during recent years. He visited London last spring, and was the chief attraction of society during the "season." He died at midnight of July 31, near the home of his widowed daughter **Cosima**, in Baireuth, whither he had gone to attend the festival performance of the works of **Richard Wagner**.

The sum of **Liszt's** performance, invention, and achievement is enormous. The present condition of music would have been far otherwise if he had rendered no service but the encouragement which he gave to others. But in his own person he was the first of all pianists; he exhausted the resources of the instrument, and revolutionized the new manner of writing for it. His orchestral treatment of the piano-forte led naturally to his becoming a virtuoso of the orchestra, for which he created a new form, free from the trammels of the schools, putting in full action his childish innate impatience of all that was purely formal in music, and producing compositions in which the method of development according to the idea is employed, instead of the principle of artificial change and contrast. He brightened and refreshed music by the introduction of the characteristic and valuable Hungarian element. He modified church music, and gave it a fresh stimulus. For any of these works a man of genius was necessary. How great a genius was required for all of them the world does not yet fully know.

A faint consolation for the loss of such a man is the reflection that his greatness may appear more clearly after he has gone, since the death of a creator revives and quickens interest in the study of his works. And though the works of **Liszt**, chiefly through the labors of Mr. **Theodore Thomas**, are already better known and understood in America than in many countries of older civilization, yet in America we need a **Liszt** revival.

James E. Learned.

FIRES ON THE PRAIRIE.

Although the wide West is very much more thickly settled than it was in the days of those pioneers whose tales of hair-breadth escapes from mighty and swift-travelling prairie fires have found their way into the literature of this country, and although the broad plains are year by year coming more and more under the subjection and into the possession of settlers, the prairie fire is by no means altogether a thing of the past. Its disastrous effects are of course much greater, now that civilization has encroached upon its territory, than they were when tracks of fire miles in width could sweep across vast sections of the country with only the natural grass of the prairie to feed upon, and with only the lives of buffaloes, prairie-dogs, and a few frontiersmen to be imperilled by the conflagration. Despatches from Pierre, Dakota, give the news of a terrific prairie fire which has recently been raging in the vicinity of Forrest City, Potter County, in that Territory. The fire, which stretched for twenty miles along the Missouri bottom-lands, destroyed an immense amount of farm property. Hundreds of farmers were left destitute by its ravages, and the town of Forrest City had a narrow escape from destruction. There have also been this season several smaller but less disastrous prairie fires in Colorado and other parts of the West, owing to the extreme and unusual dryness of early summer. The origin of these conflagrations is seldom discovered, and, as they gain headway rapidly, their extinguishment by human hands is almost impossible.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

These are great times for the celebration of anniversaries. Heidelberg has just been celebrating her five-hundredth birthday, and Harvard only a short time before expressed her joy at having reached half that age. The jubilations of American towns at having reached one age or another follow one another with great frequency. In the circumstances it seems a little cold and heartless that mankind should overlook the five-hundredth anniversary of the invention of the art of salting herrings. The *Stralsunder Zeitung* calls attention to the fact that this art was discovered by the fisherman Wilhelm Buckhold, of Biervliet, in the Netherlands, in the year of the foundation of the University of Heidelberg.

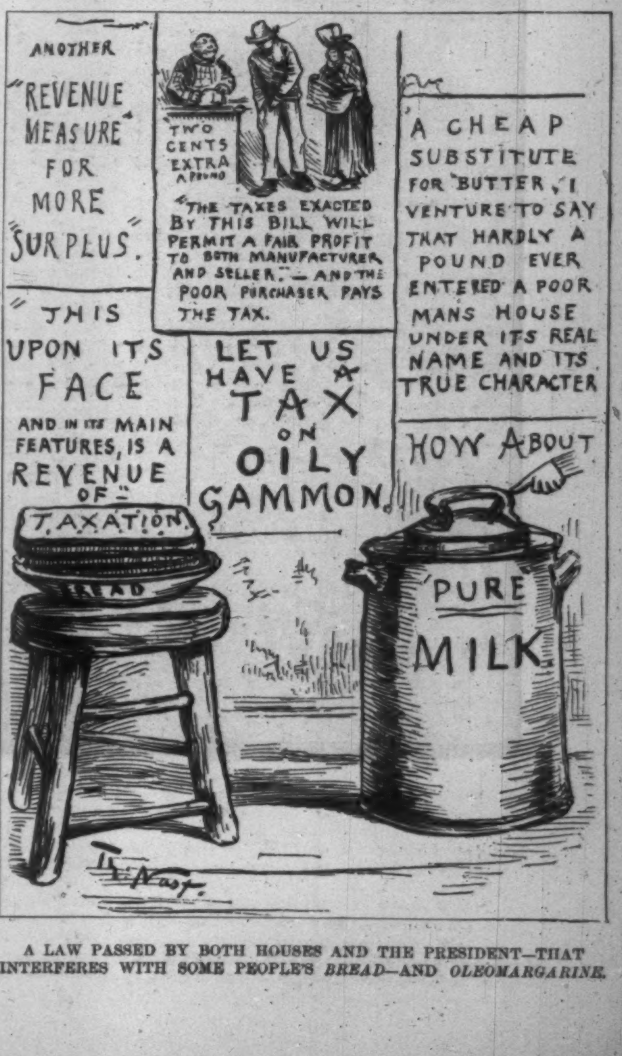
Facts occasionally come to light which make it apparent that it is folly to tamper ignorantly with an Indian tribe. It is reported that Ona-Ma-Dul-Ha-Na, a Mojave Indian medicine-man, has been clubbed to death, beheaded, and cremated for allowing too many of his patients to die.

German professors are discussing the subject of beer-drinking among the students. To any one who is familiar with the ways of students in German universities it will seem reasonable to say that if the professors allow their discussion to assume anything like the proportions of the habit discussed, it will become a tremendous discussion. Beer with the German students is a trusted familiar, of which they have no more suspicion than the American undergraduate has of cigarettes or base-ball. The first beer of the day is called the *Frühschoppen*; an hour or two latter there is beer with dinner; after a walk or after nine-pins there is beer; cards are played, with beer for a stake; no student sits at a concert without plenty of beer; beer goes with the baked goose for supper; and after supper there is the *Kneipe*, which means so much beer that a chronicler would not be believed if he were to venture to say how much.

Among others who have taken part in this interesting discussion is Dr. Georges Blondel, a French scholar and a lecturer upon law at Lyons. Dr. Blondel has written a pamphlet, in which he declares that the devotion of German students—and particularly students of law—to their beer amounts to dissipation and laziness; and Professor Schmoller, of Germany, praises the pamphlet, and says that there exists undoubtedly in the German universities, "side by side with the highest culture and the greatest moral efforts, a relic of mediæval coarseness and barbarism." Professor Schmoller thinks that the attendance of students at lectures should be noted, and the facts reported to parents and guardians. Heretofore the university student has been, and he still is, rather more of a free agent than anybody else in the community. He is kept in control almost solely by the examination which awaits the conclusion of his course of studies. He knows there is no fooling with that. If he wants to pass it, he has got to work; and he does want to pass it, for the reason that it is frightfully unpleasant for a German student to fail in such a matter. There is nobody to interfere with any disposition he may have, unless it should be a disposition to break street lamps. The idea has been to make him rule himself, and if the faculty ever does come to supervise his beer-drinking, and to count the times that he enters a lecture-room, it will be a revolution indeed.

A German observer of nature says that persons who think they see thunder-storms going on down below them are the victims of an optical delusion. He refers to those persons who declare that they have seen such phenomena among the mountains. Observations made by him among the Alps have convinced him that the lowest stratum of clouds in a thunder-storm is never less than 4200 feet above the earth, and that generally it is 7500 feet up. This might be reassuring to nervous people who fear that they and thunder-storms are likely to come in contact, were it not for the fact that the most terrible parts of these storms notoriously come as low down as church-steeples and persons standing in open fields. Perhaps it was not cloud strata that the mountain tourists were speaking of, but the lightnings which escaped from them, and which they observed playing far below.

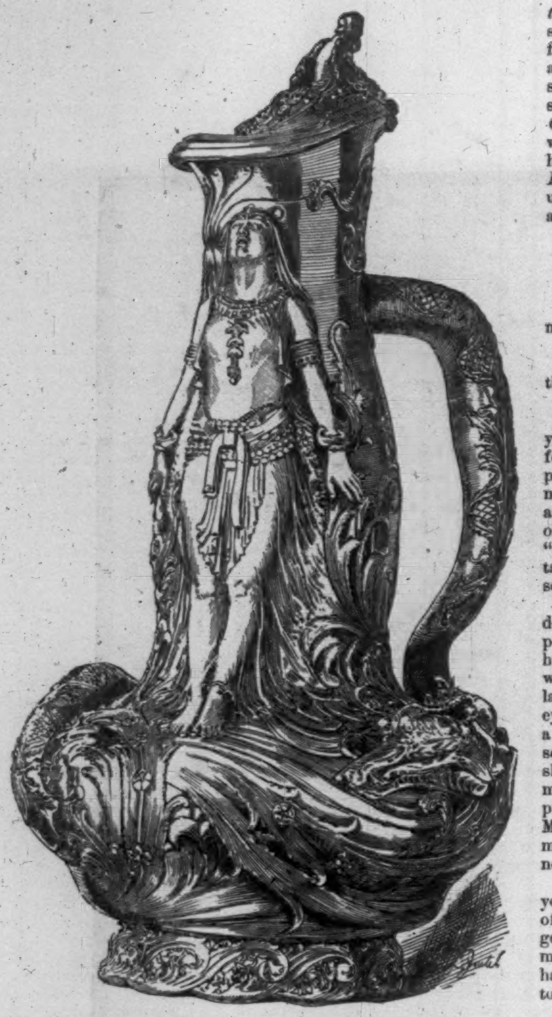
It has often been said that the style of a newspaper is determined by the taste of the public in which it circulates. In Boston, according to this theory, the people want just the sort of newspapers that are printed in Boston, and to Chicagoans the Chicago papers are all right. Proficient journalists, of course, know the news tastes of the various parts of the country, and mould their work according to this knowledge. In the Mohawk Valley recently a boy fell from a bridge into the water, and in noting the occurrence the local paper said that the boy fell twenty feet, the papers of this city said that he fell eighty feet, and the Western papers said that he fell one hundred and sixty feet, from which it is to be inferred—under the theory that the way of the newspaper is determined by the wishes of its readers—that when a boy falls from a bridge the people of the Mohawk Valley want to know how far he really did fall, the people of New York want to be told that he fell four times the actual distance, and the Western people insist upon hearing that he fell twice as far as was reported to the New York public. It seems a pity at times that the sea-serpent, the condition of hops, and some other matters of extravagant public interest cannot be reported exclusively by the newspapers of the Mohawk Valley.


ANOTHER
"REVENUE MEASURE" FOR MORE "SURPLUS."
TWO CENTS EXTRA A POUND
"THE TAXES EXACTED BY THIS BILL WILL PERMIT A FAIR PROFIT TO BOTH MANUFACTURER AND SELLER."—AND THE POOR PURCHASER PAYS THE TAX.
"A CHEAP SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER, I VENTURE TO SAY THAT HARDLY A POUND EVER ENTERED A POOR MANS HOUSE UNDER ITS REAL NAME AND ITS TRUE CHARACTER
"THIS UPON ITS FACE AND IN ITS MAIN FEATURES, IS A REVENUE OF" TAXATION
LET US HAVE A TAX ON OILY GAMMON.
BREAD
HOW ABOUT
PURE MILK.
Th. Nast.

A LAW PASSED BY BOTH HOUSES AND THE PRESIDENT—THAT INTERFERES WITH SOME PEOPLE'S *BREAD*—AND *OLEOMARGARINE*.

A PRAIRIE FIRE.—Drawn by Jul

ulian Rix.—[See Page 519.]



THE GOELET CUP FOR SLOOPS.

When the big Boston sloop *Puritan* won the race for the Goelet Cup at Newport during the first week of August last year, beating the *Priscilla* and four other crack sloops and cutters, she gave the first indication of her intention of becoming the chosen defender of the *America's* Cup against a gallant British competitor. The conditions of that race, which was sailed over a triangular course, in more than half a gale of wind, were admirably adapted to a test of the racing abilities of the *Priscilla* and *Puritan*, both of which vessels had been built expressly for the purpose of trying the international issue with the *Genesta*, and in the winning of the Goelet Sloop Cup the *Puritan* practically settled the question as to which of these yachts was to be selected for this important work. At all events, no subsequent trials proved the *Priscilla's* superior fitness. There was thus for the first time in the history of the annual races for the Goelet cups a greater interest in the outcome of the contest for the $500 sloop cup than in that for the $1000 cup offered as usual for schooners. The same conditions are found to be the case this year, and the beautiful cup which has been for a week or two exhibited in the windows of the Whiting Manufacturing Company, on Union Square, by which company it was made, has attracted much attention, chiefly by reason of the fact that the struggle for its possession was to bring together that superb quartette of American sloops the *Puritan*, *Priscilla*, *Mayflower*, and *Atlantic*, one of which vessels will be the opponent of the newly arrived British cutter *Galatea*.

The cup, which is literally a claret tankard, and a picture of which is shown above, is a beautiful illustration of the silversmith's art. Its face represents the story of Andromeda, the figure of the female being in bass-relief. The serpent of the story, which is executed in the round, forms the handle of the cup, and the waters and weeds at the feet of the chained woman furnish a fine example of repoussé chasing. It is a cup which any yachtsman might be proud to win, and happy to possess.

The Goelet Cup races for schooners and sloops were inaugurated at Newport during the summer cruise of the New York Yacht Club in 1882, and annually since that year Mr. Ogden Goelet has appropriated $1000 and $500, respectively, for the purchase of these prize cups. The first contest occurred on August 8 of the year just mentioned. The course was from a line between Old Fort Dumplings and Fort Adams, to and around a mark boat near the buoy on the north end of Block Island. Fourteen schooners and seven sloops entered the race. The *Montauk* won the cup for schooners, closely pressed by the *Halcyon*. The *Oriva* won the sloop cup. The following year (1883) the schooner cup was again taken by the *Montauk*, with the *Fortuna* second, and the *Ruth* third. The *Gracie* won the cup for sloops, beating the *Mischief* and several others. In 1884, owing to light winds, the race was sailed with very little breeze. The *Grayling* won the prize for schooners by more than an hour and a half, with the *Varuna* second; and the cutter *Bedouin*, beating the *Ileen* and several others, won the cup for sloops. Last year, as has been said, the *Puritan* won the sloop cup, beating the *Priscilla* 11 minutes and 40 seconds. The schooner prize was taken by the *Fortuna*. This year the race was sailed August 7, over a forty-five-mile course off Newport, in a good whole-sail breeze and smooth water. The cup for schooners was again won by the *Grayling*. The cup for sloops was won by the *Mayflower* in 4 hours, 31 minutes, beating the *Puritan* on corrected time 5 minutes, the *Atlantic* 20 minutes, and the *Priscilla* 21 minutes.

TOLD AT A BALL.

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"She is handsome, certainly."

"How oddly you say that, as though you begrudged it to her!"

"So I do."

"Why, what has she done to you?" shrinking with a pretty affectation of terror from her companion, who has suddenly grown much too grave for a ball-room, as he scowls at the graceful back of the lady they are discussing. "Did she break your heart, Captain Lawrence; or has she poisoned your best friend?"

"That is just what she did. I do not mean, of course, that she put poison in meat or drink for him," correcting his vehemence with a rather bitter smile, as the laughter dies out in the pretty eyes uplifted to his. "She did a thing much more safe for herself, and quite as deadly for him: she poisoned his heart and his mind until— But it is a woman's privilege to be fickle—is it not, Miss Stuart?—and quite the man's fault if he takes her fickleness too seriously."

"I shall not resent anything you may say of women apropos of Mrs. Hamilton," the girl says, gently. "You have suffered so much for your friend that you have almost a right to be unjust to the rest of us."

"Let me tell you about her, and you will realize that to see her here to-night, with everything that a vain woman can desire, from a rich husband to a dress from Worth, is enough to make me cynical even to you."

"Please tell me."

"We will go into the conservatory, then; it is quiet there, and I should be sorry, if the band were to cease suddenly, to be heard by half this crowd, bawling poor Fairfax's story, as I should be obliged to bawl it here.

"I must go back more years than I shall presently care to remember, for the time when I first knew Fairfax was when we were at West Point together—he and his sworn chum Brooke in the class next to mine. Fairfax was from my State, and our people were old friends. He was 'the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.' A better son, a braver soldier, a nobler fellow, than Jack Fairfax never lived. Brooke I only knew slightly, but he was handsome as a young Apollo; all I ever heard of him was to his credit, and Fairfax loved him as—as David loved Jonathan. I always use old comparisons from preference, you understand; they have all the force of long habit as well as of innate appropriateness.

"I left the Point, of course, a year before they did, and was ordered to one of those places of exile to which our government consigns her young officers, apparently to give them the fullest opportunity of rusting out the education she has just given them. The next year, by a rare stroke of luck, Fairfax joined us at Fort ——. I never knew so happy and so hopeful a fellow. No duty was too trivial to interest him, no succession of monotonous days dull to him, for everything, little or great, was a preparation for the life before him—the life that was to be so long, so full of happiness, of work, and of success. Good heavens! when I think what that boy was and hoped to be, and of how wretchedly it all ended, I wonder that civilization is so much stronger than nature within me; that, instead of humiliating that woman before her courtiers with the story of her treachery, I only abuse her to you.

"The world was a very fair place to Jack Fairfax just then, and men and women nobly made in God's image, but far above the ordinary level of humanity he always placed Fritz Brooke. He hoped to be a good and successful man himself, but he had not a doubt that Brooke would excel him. 'You may laugh at me, Lawrence,' he used to say, rather hurt at the amusement with which I received some of these eulogies. 'The world will know that fellow some day as I know him, and then even such a doubting Thomas as you are will be convinced.' He used to bore me a little with this perpetual panegyric. Not that I had anything against Brooke, but that, like the Athenians, I was tired of hearing Aristides praised.

"A year passed; Fairfax got his first leave, and went home for two months, leaving such a blank behind him that we rather wondered how we had endured life before he joined. When he returned, the rumor of his engagement to Miss Chester preceded him, and I prepared myself for a new course of raptures, with the variety of having 'her' for a subject instead of 'him.' To my surprise, he talked very little about her. The sweetest and truest of women loved him, and was to be his wife next year, and though absence from her was hard to bear, yet a fellow so unutterably blest as he had no right to complain. That was all he said. But if he had been happy before, he was as radiant as sunshine now. Bad temper, discontent, gossip, could no more exist in his presence than fever or malaria in the sweet sunlight and fresh air of the prairies. The only shadow on his content was some slight anxiety about Brooke, from whom he had only heard indirectly for several months, as that brilliant young officer had been sent on some scientific expedition to China or Japan.

"The following spring was that of the French Exposition, and Miss Chester went to Paris with her parents. It put six months more absence between Fairfax and his 'ladye-love'; but he abused his selfishness roundly for his disappointment. The autumn came, they returned, and, better still, Brooke crossed in the same steamer with them, for he also had been in Paris for several weeks on business of the scientific expedition. Fairfax was to see his two idols at once, and if ever I see [illegible] man as madly happy as he the night his leave came, I shall believe him what the Scotch call 'fey,' and expect some calamity to overwhelm him. The next morning he was officer of the day, and I was not surprised at hearing nothing of him, but toward evening his orderly brought me a note of two lines:

"'My engagement is at an end. Will you make this known, as I do not wish to talk about it?'

"I did what he asked me, and, to the credit of human nature, in that dull garrison, where every new subject was a boon, not a soul ever asked him a question or uttered a word of sympathy. He did not become cynical or have brain-fever, as heroes do in novels under such circumstances. He looked rather badly, and went about his duties more quietly; that was all, except that Brooke, to my surprise, became as much a tabooed subject as Miss Chester. I was rather curious as to the cause of that silence, but decided that such a death-blow as one belief had received was quite naturally, if unjustly, rather chilling to the other. None of our officers knew Brooke, so I did not discover the real state of affairs for months.

"Fairfax gave up his leave, and the winter crept by, its usual monotony varied toward spring by rumors of Indian outrages, which increased in horror and extent, until in May, to our great pleasure, we received orders for a summer in the field against them. It was the first bit of active service that had come in Fairfax's way, as well as mine, and it roused him out of the quiet, reticent fellow he had become into something like the enthusiast we all regretted. We were to be largely reënforced before leaving Fort —— by some regiments from other departments, and much interest was of course felt as to the strangers, or old acquiantances, who were to be such close comrades through the chances of our first Indian fights.

"'I see we are to have Brooke with us,' I said, congratulatingly, to Fairfax one night.

"'So I hear,' he replied, so briefly and with such a change of color that for the first time a suspicion of the truth flashed upon me, and I began to divide my wrath against Miss Chester with Brooke, and to be rather anxious as to what would happen when the two men met. The night the reënforcements arrived the officers dined with all of us at the post commander's, and he, of course, introduced to each other all who were strangers. When, in taking Brooke about the room, he came to where Fairfax and I were standing, my friend said, quietly, 'I beg your pardon, colonel, but even in your house I cannot speak to Lieutenant Brooke.'

"There was a moment's silence through all the confusion of voices; everybody seemed to have heard those words, and to wait for the reply. Brooke, who had grown very pale, answered, with considerable dignity, 'Lieutenant Fairfax has reasons for his words, which, though they are unjust, I will not dispute at present.'

"The next afternoon we left the fort, and for some days the whole command kept together; but toward the latter part of the week the general decided to send a scouting party across the river along whose course we were marching. Two officers were to go with this detachment, and Fairfax and I esteemed ourselves very lucky to be chosen. We were to march after supper, but the stream being swollen by recent rains, and rising rapidly from hour to hour, as mountain torrents do, the scouts and soldiers, who were not so well mounted as Fairfax and I, swam across at once, while we waited for the arrival of a courier, who was momentarily expected. He arrived while we were at supper, and immediately afterward we shook hands with our comrades, and rode down to the stream alone. On its brink, to my surprise, Brooke was waiting. He rode up to Fairfax and held out his hand.

"'Fairfax,' he said, and his voice shook like a girl's, 'you sent back my letter last year unread, and you refused to hear me last night; but for the sake of old times you must hear me now. You must!'—putting his hand on Fairfax's bridle as he turned the horse's head away. 'You and I have been too much to each other, Jack, to let even the woman we both love stand between us now, when any day may be our last.'

"'It is not she who stands between us,' Fairfax said, bitterly, 'but your own treachery.'

"'I am no traitor!' Brooke cried, passionately. 'Before the God we may either of us have to meet at any moment I never knew of your engagement to Rose Chester until after our own engagement.'

"'You lie!' Fairfax replied, with the deadly coldness of one who had worn out all the passion he could feel. 'And you are a coward, sir, to put the blame of your own falsehood on the woman you say you love.'

"'What Miss Chester did was done at first simply from girlish desire for amusement, afterward for love of me,' Brooke answered, haughtily. 'That I endure such words as you have used must prove to you the depth of my regret for the injury which I unknowingly did you.'

"He withdrew his hand from Fairfax's bridle, and turned his horse's head toward the camp, while, without a word, we rode into the river. It had risen greatly in the last hour, and, though narrow, the current was so swift and strong that we had some trouble to get our horses across. Just as we reached the shore a noise behind made us look around. Brooke had followed us, after all; his horse had managed somehow to throw him in the water, and now, riderless, was swimming toward us.

"'My God!' I heard Fairfax mutter; and the next instant he had dismounted, and was pulling off his boots and coat.

"'Let him alone!' I cried, eagerly; 'he can take care of himself.'

"'He cannot swim,' he answered, shortly, and sprang into the river.

"Five minutes after, while he was swimming about where Brooke had gone down, he uttered a kind of cry and sank. Of course half a dozen of us were in the water at once, but the current was stronger than we, stout swimmers though we were, and it was not until late that night that the detachment sent back by the general found the bodies, washed ashore almost side by side at a bend in the river's bank. There was a bruise on Brooke's temple, where his horse had kicked him as they struggled in the water. He must have died instantly—before Fairfax was out of his saddle. There was nothing about Fairfax to show what had caused so good a swimmer to sink so suddenly, but I— Are you one of those Christians, Miss Stuart, who think that God forbids the joy of heaven to those for whose patience the misery of earth has been too great?"

"What do you mean?" Belle Stuart asks, rather breathlessly.

"I mean, that though no one else has ever suspected it, I have a conviction that Fairfax could have saved himself if he would, but that when he realized that Brooke was dead, and had died in the effort to win a word of kindness from him, the moment's despair was too strong for his endurance."

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend,'" murmurs Belle Stuart, presently, with a little sob. "He died with his friend, because he could not die for him—and those are God's words."

A little later she is waiting alone for Captain Lawrence, who, not a little remorseful for having saddened her, has gone to bring her a glass of wine. There are tears in her eyes still, half of pity for the story she has just heard, half of joy for the story which she knows she soon will hear. There is a rustle of soft draperies, and from behind some tall plants comes the beautiful woman who had been Rose Chester. She comes close to Miss Stuart, with a look in her lovely, miserable eyes that the girl will never forget.

"You wept just now for them," she utters, passionately. "It was my fault, all of it; but, oh, girl! pity me! pity me!"

Then in a moment she is gone, and through the silence throbs and thrills a "Waldteufel" waltz, with all its love and longing and despair.

Nellie Mackubin.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

For a number of years Samuel Jones Tilden, who died at his country residence of Greystone, in Yonkers, New York, on the morning of August 4, was the most conspicuous, and to the time of his decease continued to be the most influential, personage in the Democratic party of the country. He was born in New Lebanon, Columbia County, New York, on the 7th of February, 1814, his paternal grandfather, John Tilden, and his maternal grandfather, Samuel Jones, having come from New England to settle there some twenty-five or thirty years before. His ancestors were Puritan emigrants from Kent, who came to Massachusetts in 1634, and took part in founding the town of Scituate. Tilden's father, Elam, was a prominent man in his neighborhood, and took a lively interest in matters political. He became intimate with the leaders of the New York Democracy known as the Albany Regency, and including Martin Van Buren, William L. Marcy, Silas Wright, Azariah Flagg, and Edwin Croswell, the editor of the Albany *Argus*. One or another of these men was not infrequently at the Tilden mansion in Columbia County, where Samuel, a frail but intellectual and meditative boy, was an eager listener to their political discussions. His early reading took a serious and thoughtful cast, and he is said to have studied with avidity the autobiography and correspondence of Thomas Jefferson when a mere child, and to have spent a treasured gold piece to obtain a copy of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

As a result of his studies and his eager interest in politics, young Tilden, in 1832, when only eighteen years of age, wrote an essay on the issues of the campaign then pending, which, by the advice of Van Buren, was published in the Albany *Argus* as an "address to the people of New York." Though his health was still fragile and his mind absorbed in political studies, he entered Yale College in the fall of that year, in the class of which William M. Evarts, Chief Justice Waite, and Edwards Pierrepont were members. He was unable to bear the strain of continuous study, and after an interval of rest he completed his academical education in the University of New York. In the financial controversies of 1836–7, though still a student in college, he took a prominent part as a contributor to the press. In 1838 he contributed materially by his personal efforts to the union of the Democratic factions of New York city, writing the resolutions and addresses of the Tammany organizations upon which harmony was secured and local success attained. A speech on "Currency, Prices, and Wages," delivered at New Lebanon in 1840, attracted wide attention, and showed the strong bent of his mind for financial exposition.

After the defeat of the Democratic party in 1840, Tilden devoted himself to the study of law in the Law School of the University of New York and the office of Judge John W. Edmonds. Notwithstanding his early mental development, his delicate physical health and his devotion to politics had prevented him from entering upon his profession until the comparatively mature age of twenty-seven. For some years longer he kept up his active part in politics, helping to establish the *Daily News* as a Democratic organ in 1844, and contributing much to its columns, and serving in the Legislature in 1845 and in the Constitutional Convention of 1846. From this time for a long series of years he devoted himself mainly to his profession, in which he won remarkable success, though rather lacking in oratorical ability, by his keen analytic powers, his mastery of details, and a genius for organization, which was displayed in connection with various corporate enterprises. The reorganization of broken-down railroad corporations was a line of business in which he laid the foundations of his ample fortune. The most prominent legal controversies with which he was conspicuously identified during this period were the famous Flagg contested election case and the Burdell will case. The single political episode was in 1855, when he was the defeated candidate for Attorney-General of the so-called "Soft-shell" faction of his party. In 1867 he was again a member of the Convention for revising the Constitution of the State, and took a leading part in framing the provisions relating to the canal debt and to financial matters generally.

All this time, while taking no public part in politics, and seeking no office or honor for himself, he was a trusted counsellor of the Democratic leaders, and his advice had great influence with them. His increasing wealth was also at the service of his party. While he was an outspoken critic of the methods of the Republican party, he did not hesitate at the outbreak of the war and throughout the struggle to throw his influence unreservedly in favor of the cause of preserving the Union. Finally, in 1868, Dean Richmond, the great Democratic organizer and manager, being dead, he consented to take the Chairmanship of the Democratic State Committee of New York. He then displayed for the first time in politics his remarkable faculty for organization. He established correspondence with local leaders and managers in every part of the State, and was able so to grasp all the details of the canvass as to direct the voting power of his party with the precision of the movements of an army. The result was to carry the State of New York for Seymour in spite of the strong tendency to the Republican side produced by the candidacy of General Grant and the feelings aroused by the reconstruction controversy.

Tilden had long watched with distrust and apprehension the growing power of the Tweed Ring in New York city, and by its members he was regarded with a sort of fear. He was not a man to cause a breach in his party by any premature contest with what he saw to be a threatening element, preferring to use it so long as it was not actually dangerous to party success, which in his mind was necessary to the triumph of good government in the long-run. He tried to defeat Tweed's designs in the Legislature of 1871, but the latter by his hold upon the machinery of politics in the city and State, and by the corrupt use of money and patronage, carried all before him. When the exposure of the Ring frauds came, a few months later, Mr. Tilden saw his opportunity. It was he who secured the appointment of Andrew H. Green to the office of Deputy-Comptroller under Connolly, and gave him possession of the latter's office when he fled the city, thereby securing the opportunity to trace the frauds in the public accounts and in those of the Broadway Bank, through which the division of the spoils had been made. His analysis and array of the figures showing the misappropriation of public funds was the chief foundation for the evidence on which the participants in the Ring frauds were prosecuted. He took an active part in the work of the Committee of Seventy, and addressed the great meeting of November, 1871, which was at once an expression and an incitement of public sentiment for the thorough cleansing of the municipal administration. He became a candidate for the Assembly, and was elected to aid in the work of securing the impeachment of the Ring judges.

After the prolonged and arduous fight against the Tweed Ring Mr. Tilden sought rest, and spent the summer of 1873 in Europe. On his return he found a movement already on foot for making him Governor of the State, and in 1874 he consented to be a candidate. Though, two years before, the Republicans had carried the State by more than 50,000 majority, he succeeded in reversing that record. He addressed himself at once to exposing and correcting the frauds by which the work of repairing and maintaining the canals of the State by contract had been carried on. This won him his great reputation as a reform Governor, and made him the candidate of the Democratic party for President in 1876. In that year he practically guided the canvass through a bureau established in the city of New York for the collection and diffusion of political information and the dissemination of directions for the work of the campaign. The result and the contest that followed it form one of the best remembered episodes in American history. He opposed the device of an Electoral Commission for settling the dispute, claiming that no electoral vote could be counted and declared without the assent of the House of Representatives, and that in case no majority was declared for any candidate, that House should elect the President. He advocated a firm adherence to this ground; but when the Electoral Commission was created, and had decided the controversy against him, he pursued the policy of submission, though protesting that the result was a fraud upon the people.

Since this historic episode Mr. Tilden had been in gradually failing health, and on that ground refused to be a candidate in 1880, and again in 1884. Still his advice and counsel were sought and freely given in matters pertaining to the interests of his party and of the nation. While his body was enfeebled by a paralytic affection, his mind remained clear and vigorous, and his interest in public questions and movements was unabated. He held the position of a retired and somewhat mysterious sage, whose occasional utterances were regarded with something akin to reverence by his old followers. His last years were devoted to increasing his valuable library and other treasures, to rebuilding and embellishing his fine mansion on Gramercy Park, in New York city, and in directing the care of the country place on the Hudson, which he occupied continuously and in the society of a few of his most intimate friends, his condition precluding a wider social intercourse. Mr. Tilden was never married, and left few near relatives.

HELIOGRAPHY IN THE ARMY.

The heliograph is an instrument for sending flashes of the sun's rays from any point to any other visible point with accuracy, and thus establishing communication. It is not a mere signal apparatus, but a complete heliographic, or, as the Greek words mean, sun-writing instrument. The fact that mirrors reflect the rays of the sun with intense brightness of course has been known since their invention, but the method of reflecting those rays to a certain desired point continually and accurately is of recent discovery. The impression prevails, and among many highly educated people, that the North American Indians use mirrors to send messages. This is a great error, and very apparent to any one who will take a mirror and endeavor to throw a given number of flashes, and no more or less, upon a person one mile from him. It cannot be done, except by the merest chance. In order to communicate, the sender must know just what and how many flashes the receiver receives. For, otherwise, he may desire to send three, meaning one thing, and the receiver might receive two or four, meaning totally different words. The Indians do use mirrors, but only for a few well-defined signals.

To overcome these difficulties the heliograph was invented. It consists of a circular mirror (the Mance heliograph) ten inches in diameter, mounted in double frames, and resting on a solid iron base. The mirror tilts a distance of half an inch, and this tilting motion is produced by pressing a key. In the centre of the mirror is a peep-hole through the silvering, so that the eye can see through the mirror from the back. Two tangent screws, one to give a slow horizontal motion, the other for a slow vertical motion, permit the glass *to follow the movement of the sun.* The whole is mounted on a solidly planted post. A second mirror, upon another post, is placed two feet away. In front of the first instrument is a slender iron rod, having the end flattened, and a quarter of an inch wide. Thirty feet further to the front is another post carrying a similar slender sight.

A certain point in a distant mountain range has a station, and by repeated trials throws a flash on the new station. The operator sees it, and then, looking through his glass from the rear, brings the thirty-foot sight so that the flash seen seems to rest on the very top of the iron spindle. The glass is now moved so that the reflection of the sun's rays will, when the key is depressed, show the top of the spindle in the exact centre of the flash. The other sighting iron is now moved into line, and shows a small black spot (caused by the silvering having been taken off to make the peep-hole). As long as that spot is kept exactly in that place, the rays will *always* be on the other station. Removing the finger from the key, a spring causes the mirror to tilt, upper part to the front, thus causing the rays to strike lower down on the rod, and out of sight of the other station. Thus, pressing the key and releasing it quickly gives a short flash, called a dot, while pressing the key and holding it down an appreciable time before releasing it gives a long flash, called a dash.

A series of dots and dashes constitutes a letter. The American Morse or telegraphic code is used. This is the system used by General Nelson A. Miles in Arizona and New Mexico, who has caused two officers, Lieutenant A. M. Fuller, Second Cavalry, and Lieutenant E. E. Drovo, Sixth Cavalry, to complete systems, the former in Arizona and the latter in New Mexico. There are in the Arizona Division thirteen stations working, commencing at Stein's Pass to Bowie, 30 miles; thence to Bowie Peak, 2 miles; thence to White's Ranch, 20 miles; thence to Swisshelm's Mountains, 9 miles; thence to Rucker Cañon, 14 miles; thence to Dragoon Mountains, 23 miles; thence to Bissba, 30 miles; thence to Fort Hurchuca, 32 miles; thence to north end Dragoons, 35 miles; thence to Santa Rita Mountains, 40 miles; thence to Tubac, 15 miles; thence to Patagonia Mountains, 25 miles—total, 275 miles. The stations are equipped with glasses, guards, tents, and supplies for a month, and the operators are on duty as long as the sun shines. Messages are sent every hour during the day, and the line works as well as a telegraph wire.

In May, 560 messages were sent, comprising 25,000 words; in June, 1240 messages, of 40,000 words. Twenty-five words have been sent from one end of the line and answered by twenty-five different words from the other end in two hours, or fifty words 550 miles in two hours. Messages of two and three hundred words are taken at times without a break. Many stations have a corps of couriers ready to carry despatches to the troops in the mountain cañons near by, as the troops are kept hidden by General Miles. At present, during Indian raids, troops all over the country are warned by orders sent by heliograph and couriers within one to two hours, where formerly it took hours and days to reach them by courier. The operators usually read with the naked eye up to thirty miles.

The system has been remarkably successful from the time Lieutenant Fuller commenced it in April last.

RATTLESNAKES.

Rattlesnakes are objects of great interest to people in the sections of country where they abound, and especially to summer visitors from cities. They are very numerous within 150 miles of New York. The Highlands on both sides the Hudson, and particularly on the west, are alive with them. The river hills of the Delaware and its affluents produce them by thousands.

Toward the close of summer, when the cold nights give notice of coming frosts, the rattlesnakes return to their favorite dens in the mountains. Snakes of other kinds find winter refuge in the same places, and all spend the bitter months in a torpid state. Behind the village of Long Eddy, about 146 miles from New York, on the Erie Railroad, is a rocky hill in which there are said to be fully twenty-five rattlesnake dens. These are simply holes in the rocks, or spaces between the shelving strata on the mountain side. John C. Geer, the King of the Rattlesnakes, drew no less than fourteen at one time from under the rock. Tying a string to the end of a pole about five feet long, and fixing a loop at the end of the string, he slips the noose over the head of the rattling, striking snake, draws it out of its cover, and drops it into the bag that he has pinned to his knee.

The early settlers in rattlesnake districts used to slaughter the reptiles as regularly as they slaughtered their hogs. In this way the numbers of the snakes and the danger from their bites were largely diminished. In the warm days of spring, as they crept out to sun themselves, they were destroyed by hundreds. Sixty years ago it was a favorite amusement of the young men and boys in Orange County, New York, to shoot the rattlesnakes and their congeners as they peeped out of their den in the mountain near Canterbury. Catlin, the historian of the Indians, who was born near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, hugely enjoyed this sport in boyhood. Not far from his home was a rattlesnake den in an unapproachable cavern on the mountain. On a ledge of rocks near the cavern the noxious creatures used to sun themselves for a few hours every day before breaking up their winter rendezvous. So many injuries had been inflicted by them that the farmers resolved to decrease their multitude. George Catlin was admitted into the warlike party, and instructed to climb to the top of an overhanging rock, from which he could watch the serpents on the ledge below. The rest of the invaders, club in hand, stood ready to follow his lead. As the lad looked down he saw a knot of snakes "like a huge mat, wound and twisted and interlocked together, with all their heads like scores of hydras standing up from the mass." Into this horrible cluster he "let fly" with his gun. The others then rushed in with their clubs, and five or six hundred were killed. One had turned in the wrong direction, and was heard rattling near the ledge. In a little while its head was pinned to the earth with a forked stick. "Tie a powder-horn to his tail!" exclaimed Catlin, "and fasten a slow fuse to it, and let it go back into the den." This done, the snake was put down at the mouth of the den, and the party removed to a safe distance. In a minute or two an explosion like a clap of thunder shook the ground. The result was extermination to the snakes.

In Trumbull County, Ohio, Mr. Stone, one of the first settlers, immortalized himself as a rattlesnake slayer. On the 1st of May, 1799, he and his companions, armed with cudgels, proceeded to a sunny level of rock on which hosts of the reptiles had crawled. There the cudgels were brought into active play; the snakes, with sounding tails, retreated up the hill, but 486 were left dead on the ground. Most of them were over five feet in length. Perhaps, like the Indians, most of them will ultimately disappear. Still, they are wonderfully prolific. A pair of them, bringing forth from ten to twenty at a birth, each coiled up, with a rattle to its tail, and ready to spring, would soon restock the country. Mr. Geer finds no difficulty in filling an order for fifty or a hundred from any museum on the continent.

The peculiar noise of the rattlesnake's castanets is not easily described. It cannot always be distinguished, by those not familiar with it, from the whistling of winds through the leaves, the escape of water from a pipe, the whizzings of insects, the rattling of seed-pods, and other familiar noises. It is easily mistaken for the stridulous sounds made by insects like grasshoppers. Birds feed on the latter, and seem to imagine as they fly to the spot from which the noise comes that they shall dine comfortably. But *Crotalus caudisona* makes a delicious meal of them. He rings his dinner-bell to call up his living dishes.

Frogs, birds, rats, rabbits, and small animals of many kinds are the food of rattlesnakes. One of them is as good as a weasel for clearing a cellar of rats and mice. None of their victims seem to be afraid of them. The fear is apparently with the snake, which shrinks from its wounded prey, and will not attempt to swallow it until it is dead. Many stories are current about the fascination of birds and small animals by these reptiles. The truth seems to be that when one of them has seized a newly fledged bird that it has found on the ground, the distressed parents will utter loud cries, and even dash at the jaws of the devourer, in hope of effecting a rescue. Again, the birds, attracted by its familiar rattle, will peck at its thin, slender, vibrating tongue as they would at a worm. But the pecking is a fatal experiment. Struck by the deadly fangs, the poor things flop about in agony until they die. The tongue itself is to the snake what whiskers are to a cat, or the tips of the fingers to a human being. How snakes manage to swallow animals thicker than themselves is a mystery explained by their special structure. The soft ends of their numerous ribs rest on ventral scales, which, on a smooth surface, are almost set on edge. The belly scales are the feet, and the ribs are legs. But these accommodating legs stretch like India-rubber, so as to admit the passage of the enormous meal. The six jaws of the snake are separable, and work independently of each other; but so vast are its mouthfuls that it would choke if it did not have the power of hanging two or three inches, more or less, of windpipe outside the mouth while it is swallowing. One commendable thing about rattlesnakes is their affection for each other and for their young. The latter, at a given signal, seek and find refuge through the throat of the parent. Professor G. B. Goode, of Middletown, Connecticut, received 120 independent testimonials in a single year, from persons living in twenty-four different States, that they do thus harbor their progeny.

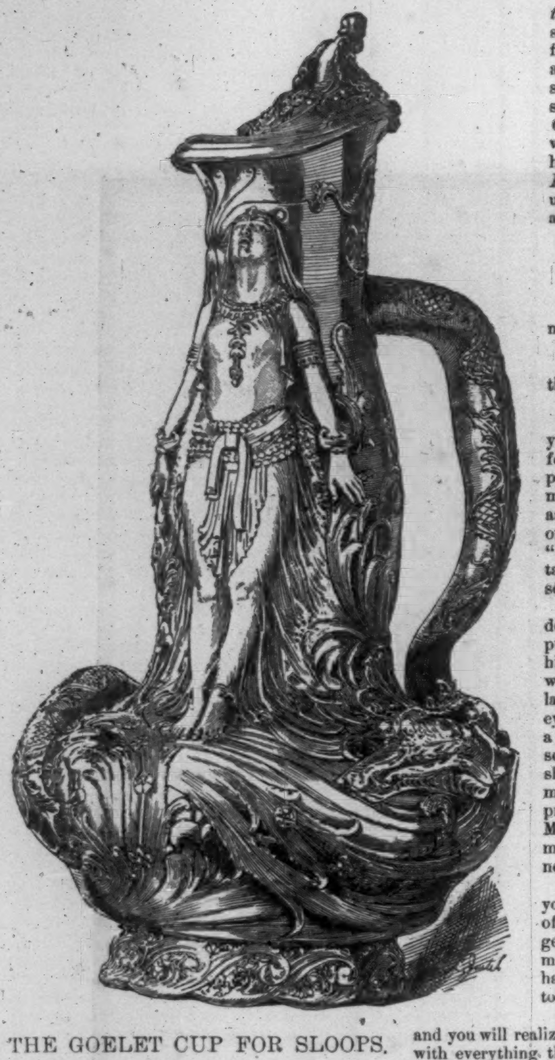
The bite of the rattlesnake is a very serious matter, and often proves fatal. It is inflicted by the curved fangs on each side of the upper jaw. These are pointed as needles, hollow, and fixed upon sacs which contain a bright green deadly poison. The latter is forced through the fang into the wound. Larkin K. Geer, of Long Eddy, had a fortunate escape from a snake whose fangs caught in his trousers above the bare foot. Starting on the run, he shook the reptile loose, but found his foot all spattered by the venom. Ralph Geer, another member of the same family, was not quite so lucky. Pierced in the ankle while following the steps of a hunter on the top of a log, he became very sick at the stomach, was violently ill, and only escaped with the loss of the sole of his foot. His uncle, John C. Geer, the Rattlesnake King, attributes his misfortune to the fact that the family remedies were not promptly applied. He himself has been bitten three times—once on the bottom of his great toe, then on the leg through the fine leather of his boot, and lastly by a snake that he was training, and that struck its fangs into his thigh. Tearing it away, a lacerated and badly poisoned wound was the result. Three or four days of temporary inconvenience followed. He promptly applied salt and indigo, mixed in equal quantities and moistened by water, to the wound; the indigo was what is sold in stores under that name. Next he ate the leaves of the arrow-leaved violet, *Viola sagittata*, which grows plentifully in localities where rattlesnakes breed, and which has the taste of slippery elm bark. Tea made from the same leaves is almost equally efficacious.

The leaves are to be eaten until the symptoms of poisoning subside. Wherever possible, a bandage of them is bound around the stricken limb, kept damp by water, or renewed every three or four hours when dried by the inflammation, to prevent the spread of the swelling. As soon as possible a plaster is made from the thick milky root of either variety of the "lion's-heart"—plants of the *Nabalus* or rattlesnake-root genus—and applied to the wound after the salt and indigo mixture is taken away. This, when removed at the end of two hours, is colored bright green by the virus. "The violet drives out and the lion's-heart draws out the poison." The larger specimen of the "lion's-heart" is also called "lion's-foot," "gall of the earth," "rattlesnake-root," and has a leaf like that of the wild buckwheat.

This is the remedy applied for generations, and always with success, in the case of man or beast, by members of the celebrated Geer family to sufferers from rattlesnake bites. Joseph Geer, who moved with his grandfather, Amasa Geer, from Coeyman's Patent, New York, to Geer's Creek, Long Eddy, more than a century ago, received the knowledge of it from John Johnston, a half-breed, long before the Indians went away, and afterward freely communicated it to his friends and family. Mr. E. M. Worth, of Cincinnati, a nephew of General Worth, is among the witnesses to its value. In 1882 he was bitten by a rattlesnake at his museum in the Bowery, New York, on the left thumb. Sending a policeman for an ambulance and a friend for whiskey, he drank a quart of the latter, became unconscious in twenty minutes, and on his arrival at the Chambers Street Hospital was subjected to the stomach-pump and relieved of much of the whiskey. His thumb was afterward amputated at the first joint. While exhibiting in Brooklyn in the following May he accidentally ran a shed poison-fang into his right thumb. Both that and the left stub began to swell, and he knew that he was again endangered. Avoiding the hospital this time, he applied the salt and indigo as directed, drank liberally of rye whiskey, telegraphed to J. D. Legg, of Long Eddy, for the remedy, and when the violet arrived drank freely of an infusion of it, and was well in a few days. Sickness, swelling, and discoloration resembling the spots on the snake appeared on the anniversary of his first bite. Authenticated instances of similar character are numerous, and repeat themselves until the poison is eliminated from the system.

More than twenty instances of cure by this remedy, without a single failure, are known to have been effected in Long Eddy and its vicinity. In other localities they are quite as numerous. Names, dates, and facts are carefully preserved.

Richard Wheatley.



THE GOELET CUP FOR SLOOPS.

When the big Boston sloop *Puritan* won the race for the Goelet Cup at Newport during the first week of August last year, beating the *Priscilla* and four other crack sloops and cutters, she gave the first indication of her intention of becoming the chosen defender of the *America's* Cup against a gallant British competitor. The conditions of that race, which was sailed over a triangular course, in more than half a gale of wind, were admirably adapted to a test of the racing abilities of the *Priscilla* and *Puritan*, both of which vessels had been built expressly for the purpose of trying the international issue with the *Genesta*, and in the winning of the Goelet Sloop Cup the *Puritan* practically settled the question as to which of these yachts was to be selected for this important work. At all events, no subsequent trials proved the *Priscilla's* superior fitness. There was thus for the first time in the history of the annual races for the Goelet cups a greater interest in the outcome of the contest for the $500 sloop cup than in that for the $1000 cup offered as usual for schooners. The same conditions are found to be the case this year, and the beautiful cup which has been for a week or two exhibited in the windows of the Whiting Manufacturing Company, on Union Square, by which company it was made, has attracted much attention, chiefly by reason of the fact that the struggle for its possession was to bring together that superb quartette of American sloops the *Puritan*, *Priscilla*, *Mayflower*, and *Atlantic*, one of which vessels will be the opponent of the newly arrived British cutter *Galatea*.

The cup, which is literally a claret tankard, and a picture of which is shown above, is a beautiful illustration of the silversmith's art. Its face represents the story of Andromeda, the figure of the female being in bass-relief. The serpent of the story, which is executed in the round, forms the handle of the cup, and the waters and weeds at the feet of the chained woman furnish a fine example of repoussé chasing. It is a cup which any yachtsman might be proud to win, and happy to possess.

The Goelet Cup races for schooners and sloops were inaugurated at Newport during the summer cruise of the New York Yacht Club in 1882, and annually since that year Mr. Ogden Goelet has appropriated $1000 and $500, respectively, for the purchase of these prize cups. The first contest occurred on August 8 of the year just mentioned. The course was from a line between Old Fort Dumplings and Fort Adams, to and around a mark boat near the buoy on the north end of Block Island. Fourteen schooners and seven sloops entered the race. The *Montauk* won the cup for schooners, closely pressed by the *Halcyon*. The *Oriva* won the sloop cup. The following year (1883) the schooner cup was again taken by the *Montauk*, with the *Fortuna* second, and the *Ruth* third. The *Gracie* won the cup for sloops, beating the *Mischief* and several others. In 1884, owing to light winds, the race was sailed with very little breeze. The *Grayling* won the prize for schooners by more than an hour and a half, with the *Varuna* second; and the cutter *Bedouin*, beating the *Ileen* and several others, won the cup for sloops. Last year, as has been said, the *Puritan* won the sloop cup, beating the *Priscilla* 11 minutes and 40 seconds. The schooner prize was taken by the *Fortuna*. This year the race was sailed August 7, over a forty-five-mile course off Newport, in a good whole-sail breeze and smooth water. The cup for schooners was again won by the *Grayling*. The cup for sloops was won by the *Mayflower* in 4 hours, 31 minutes, beating the *Puritan* on corrected time 5 minutes, the *Atlantic* 20 minutes, and the *Priscilla* 21 minutes.

TOLD AT A BALL.

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"She is handsome, certainly."

"How oddly you say that, as though you begrudged it to her!"

"So I do."

"Why, what has she done to you?" shrinking with a pretty affectation of terror from her companion, who has suddenly grown much too grave for a ball-room, as he scowls at the graceful back of the lady they are discussing. "Did she break your heart, Captain Lawrence; or has she poisoned your best friend?"

"That is just what she did. I do not mean, of course, that she put poison in meat or drink for him," correcting his vehemence with a rather bitter smile, as the laughter dies out in the pretty eyes uplifted to his. "She did a thing much more safe for herself, and quite as deadly for him: she poisoned his heart and his mind until— But it is a woman's privilege to be fickle—is it not, Miss Stuart?—and quite the man's fault if he takes her fickleness too seriously."

"I shall not resent anything you may say of women apropos of Mrs. Hamilton," the girl says, gently. "You have suffered so much for your friend that you have almost a right to be unjust to the rest of us."

"Let me tell you about her, and you will realize that to see her here to-night, with everything that a vain woman can desire, from a rich husband to a dress from Worth, is enough to make me cynical even to you."

"Please tell me."

"We will go into the conservatory, then; it is quiet there, and I should be sorry, if the band were to cease suddenly, to be heard by half this crowd, bawling poor Fairfax's story, as I should be obliged to bawl it here.

"I must go back more years than I shall presently care to remember, for the time when I first knew Fairfax was when we were at West Point together—he and his sworn chum Brooke in the class next to mine. Fairfax was from my State, and our people were old friends. He was 'the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.' A better son, a braver soldier, a nobler fellow, than Jack Fairfax never lived. Brooke I only knew slightly, but he was handsome as a young Apollo; all I ever heard of him was to his credit, and Fairfax loved him as—as David loved Jonathan. I always use old comparisons from preference, you understand; they have all the force of long habit as well as of innate appropriateness.

"I left the Point, of course, a year before they did, and was ordered to one of those places of exile to which our government consigns her young officers, apparently to give them the fullest opportunity of rusting out the education she has just given them. The next year, by a rare stroke of luck, Fairfax joined us at Fort ——. I never knew so happy and so hopeful a fellow. No duty was too trivial to interest him, no succession of monotonous days dull to him, for everything, little or great, was a preparation for the life before him—the life that was to be so long, so full of happiness, of work, and of success. Good heavens! when I think what that boy was and hoped to be, and of how wretchedly it all ended, I wonder that civilization is so much stronger than nature within me; that, instead of humiliating that woman before her courtiers with the story of her treachery, I only abuse her to you.

"The world was a very fair place to Jack Fairfax just then, and men and women nobly made in God's image, but far above the ordinary level of humanity he always placed Fritz Brooke. He hoped to be a good and successful man himself, but he had not a doubt that Brooke would excel him. 'You may laugh at me, Lawrence,' he used to say, rather hurt at the amusement with which I received some of these eulogies. 'The world will know that fellow some day as I know him, and then even such a doubting Thomas as you are will be convinced.' He used to bore me a little with this perpetual panegyric. Not that I had anything against Brooke, but that, like the Athenians, I was tired of hearing Aristides praised.

"A year passed; Fairfax got his first leave, and went home for two months, leaving such a blank behind him that we rather wondered how we had endured life before he joined. When he returned, the rumor of his engagement to Miss Chester preceded him, and I prepared myself for a new course of raptures, with the variety of having 'her' for a subject instead of 'him.' To my surprise, he talked very little about her. The sweetest and truest of women loved him, and was to be his wife next year, and though absence from her was hard to bear, yet a fellow so unutterably blest as he had no right to complain. That was all he said. But if he had been happy before, he was as radiant as sunshine now. Bad temper, discontent, gossip, could no more exist in his presence than fever or malaria in the sweet sunlight and fresh air of the prairies. The only shadow on his content was some slight anxiety about Brooke, from whom he had only heard indirectly for several months, as that brilliant young officer had been sent on some scientific expedition to China or Japan.

"The following spring was that of the French Exposition, and Miss Chester went to Paris with her parents. It put six months more absence between Fairfax and his 'ladye-love'; but he abused his selfishness roundly for his disappointment. The autumn came, they returned, and, better still, Brooke crossed in the same steamer with them, for he also had been in Paris for several weeks on business of the scientific expedition. Fairfax was to see his two idols at once, and if ever I see a man as madly happy as he the night his leave came, I shall believe him what the Scotch call 'fey,' and expect some calamity to overwhelm him. The next morning he was officer of the day, and I was not surprised at hearing nothing of him, but toward evening his orderly brought me a note of two lines:

"'My engagement is at an end. Will you make this known, as I do not wish to talk about it?'

"I did what he asked me, and, to the credit of human nature, in that dull garrison, where every new subject was a boon, not a soul ever asked him a question or uttered a word of sympathy. He did not become cynical or have brain-fever, as heroes do in novels under such circumstances. He looked rather badly, and went about his duties more quietly; that was all, except that Brooke, to my surprise, became as much a tabooed subject as Miss Chester. I was rather curious as to the cause of that silence, but decided that such a death-blow as one belief had received was quite naturally, if unjustly, rather chilling to the other. None of our officers knew Brooke, so I did not discover the real state of affairs for months.

"Fairfax gave up his leave, and the winter crept by, its usual monotony varied toward spring by rumors of Indian outrages, which increased in horror and extent, until in May, to our great pleasure, we received orders for a summer in the field against them. It was the first bit of active service that had come in Fairfax's way, as well as mine, and it roused him out of the quiet, reticent fellow he had become into something like the enthusiast we all regretted. We were to be largely reënforced before leaving Fort —— by some regiments from other departments, and much interest was of course felt as to the strangers, or old acquiantances, who were to be such close comrades through the chances of our first Indian fights.

"'I see we are to have Brooke with us,' I said, congratulatingly, to Fairfax one night.

"'So I hear,' he replied, so briefly and with such a change of color that for the first time a suspicion of the truth flashed upon me, and I began to divide my wrath against Miss Chester with Brooke, and to be rather anxious as to what would happen when the two men met. The night the reënforcements arrived the officers dined with all of us at the post commander's, and he, of course, introduced to each other all who were strangers. When, in taking Brooke about the room, he came to where Fairfax and I were standing, my friend said, quietly, 'I beg your pardon, colonel, but even in your house I cannot speak to Lieutenant Brooke.'

"There was a moment's silence through all the confusion of voices; everybody seemed to have heard those words, and to wait for the reply. Brooke, who had grown very pale, answered, with considerable dignity, 'Lieutenant Fairfax has reasons for his words, which, though they are unjust, I will not dispute at present.'

"The next afternoon we left the fort, and for some days the whole command kept together; but toward the latter part of the week the general decided to send a scouting party across the river along whose course we were marching. Two officers were to go with this detachment, and Fairfax and I esteemed ourselves very lucky to be chosen. We were to march after supper, but the stream being swollen by recent rains, and rising rapidly from hour to hour, as mountain torrents do, the scouts and soldiers, who were not so well mounted as Fairfax and I, swam across at once, while we waited for the arrival of a courier, who was momentarily expected. He arrived while we were at supper, and immediately afterward we shook hands with our comrades, and rode down to the stream alone. On its brink, to my surprise, Brooke was waiting. He rode up to Fairfax and held out his hand.

"'Fairfax,' he said, and his voice shook like a girl's, 'you sent back my letter last year unread, and you refused to hear me last night; but for the sake of old times you must hear me now. You must!'—putting his hand on Fairfax's bridle as he turned the horse's head away. 'You and I have been too much to each other, Jack, to let even the woman we both love stand between us now, when any day may be our last.'

"'It is not she who stands between us,' Fairfax said, bitterly, 'but your own treachery.'

"'I am no traitor!' Brooke cried, passionately. 'Before the God we may either of us have to meet at any moment I never knew of your engagement to Rose Chester until after our own engagement.'

"'You lie!' Fairfax replied, with the deadly coldness of one who had worn out all the passion he could feel. 'And you are a coward, sir, to put the blame of your own falsehood on the woman you say you love.'

"'What Miss Chester did was done at first simply from girlish desire for amusement, afterward for love of me,' Brooke answered, haughtily. 'That I endure such words as you have used must prove to you the depth of my regret for the injury which I unknowingly did you.'

"He withdrew his hand from Fairfax's bridle, and turned his horse's head toward the camp, while, without a word, we rode into the river. It had risen greatly in the last hour, and, though narrow, the current was so swift and strong that we had some trouble to get our horses across. Just as we reached the shore a noise behind made us look around. Brooke had followed us, after all; his horse had managed somehow to throw him in the water, and now, riderless, was swimming toward us.

"'My God!' I heard Fairfax mutter; and the next instant he had dismounted, and was pulling off his boots and coat.

"'Let him alone!' I cried, eagerly; 'he can take care of himself.'

"'He cannot swim,' he answered, shortly, and sprang into the river.

"Five minutes after, while he was swimming about where Brooke had gone down, he uttered a kind of cry and sank. Of course half a dozen of us were in the water at once, but the current was stronger than we, stout swimmers though we were, and it was not until late that night that the detachment sent back by the general found the bodies, washed ashore almost side by side at a bend in the river's bank. There was a bruise on Brooke's temple, where his horse had kicked him as they struggled in the water. He must have died instantly—before Fairfax was out of his saddle. There was nothing about Fairfax to show what had caused so good a swimmer to sink so suddenly, but I— Are you one of those Christians, Miss Stuart, who think that God forbids the joy of heaven to those for whose patience the misery of earth has been too great?"

"What do you mean?" Belle Stuart asks, rather breathlessly.

"I mean, that though no one else has ever suspected it, I have a conviction that Fairfax could have saved himself if he would, but that when he realized that Brooke was dead, and had died in the effort to win a word of kindness from him, the moment's despair was too strong for his endurance."

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend,'" murmurs Belle Stuart, presently, with a little sob. "He died with his friend, because he could not die for him—and those are God's words."

A little later she is waiting alone for Captain Lawrence, who, not a little remorseful for having saddened her, has gone to bring her a glass of wine. There are tears in her eyes still, half of pity for the story she has just heard, half of joy for the story which she knows she soon will hear. There is a rustle of soft draperies, and from behind some tall plants comes the beautiful woman who had been Rose Chester. She comes close to Miss Stuart, with a look in her lovely, miserable eyes that the girl will never forget.

"You wept just now for them," she utters, passionately. "It was my fault, all of it; but, oh, girl! pity me! pity me!"

Then in a moment she is gone, and through the silence throbs and thrills a "Waldteufel" waltz, with all its love and longing and despair.

Nellie Mackubin.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

For a number of years Samuel Jones Tilden, who died at his country residence of Greystone, in Yonkers, New York, on the morning of August 4, was the most conspicuous, and to the time of his decease continued to be the most influential, personage in the Democratic party of the country. He was born in New Lebanon, Columbia County, New York, on the 7th of February, 1814, his paternal grandfather, John Tilden, and his maternal grandfather, Samuel Jones, having come from New England to settle there some twenty-five or thirty years before. His ancestors were Puritan emigrants from Kent, who came to Massachusetts in 1634, and took part in founding the town of Scituate. Tilden's father, Elam, was a prominent man in his neighborhood, and took a lively interest in matters political. He became intimate with the leaders of the New York Democracy known as the Albany Regency, and including Martin Van Buren, William L. Marcy, Silas Wright, Azariah Flagg, and Edwin Croswell, the editor of the Albany *Argus*. One or another of these men was not infrequently at the Tilden mansion in Columbia County, where Samuel, a frail but intellectual and meditative boy, was an eager listener to their political discussions. His early reading took a serious and thoughtful cast, and he is said to have studied with avidity the autobiography and correspondence of Thomas Jefferson when a mere child, and to have spent a treasured gold piece to obtain a copy of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

As a result of his studies and his eager interest in politics, young Tilden, in 1832, when only eighteen years of age, wrote an essay on the issues of the campaign then pending, which, by the advice of Van Buren, was published in the Albany *Argus* as an "address to the people of New York." Though his health was still fragile and his mind absorbed in political studies, he entered Yale College in the fall of that year, in the class of which William M. Evarts, Chief Justice Waite, and Edwards Pierrepont were members. He was unable to bear the strain of continuous study, and after an interval of rest he completed his academical education in the University of New York. In the financial controversies of 1836–7, though still a student in college, he took a prominent part as a contributor to the press. In 1838 he contributed materially by his personal efforts to the union of the Democratic factions of New York city, writing the resolutions and addresses of the Tammany organizations upon which harmony was secured and local success attained. A speech on "Currency, Prices, and Wages," delivered at New Lebanon in 1840, attracted wide attention, and showed the strong bent of his mind for financial exposition.

After the defeat of the Democratic party in 1840, Tilden devoted himself to the study of law in the Law School of the University of New York and the office of Judge John W. Edmonds. Notwithstanding his early mental development, his delicate physical health and his devotion to politics had prevented him from entering upon his profession until the comparatively mature age of twenty-seven. For some years longer he kept up his active part in politics, helping to establish the *Daily News* as a Democratic organ in 1844, and contributing much to its columns, and serving in the Legislature in 1845 and in the Constitutional Convention of 1846. From this time for a long series of years he devoted himself mainly to his profession, in which he won remarkable success, though rather lacking in oratorical ability, by his keen analytic powers, his mastery of details, and a genius for organization, which was displayed in connection with various corporate enterprises. The reorganization of broken-down railroad corporations was a line of business in which he laid the foundations of his ample fortune. The most prominent legal controversies with which he was conspicuously identified during this period were the famous Flagg contested election case and the Burdell will case. The single political episode was in 1855, when he was the defeated candidate for Attorney-General of the so-called "Soft-shell" faction of his party. In 1867 he was again a member of the Convention for revising the Constitution of the State, and took a leading part in framing the provisions relating to the canal debt and to financial matters generally.

All this time, while taking no public part in politics, and seeking no office or honor for himself, he was a trusted counsellor of the Democratic leaders, and his advice had great influence with them. His increasing wealth was also at the service of his party. While he was an outspoken critic of the methods of the Republican party, he did not hesitate at the outbreak of the war and throughout the struggle to throw his influence unreservedly in favor of the cause of preserving the Union. Finally, in 1868, Dean Richmond, the great Democratic organizer and manager, being dead, he consented to take the Chairmanship of the Democratic State Committee of New York. He then displayed for the first time in politics his remarkable faculty for organization. He established correspondence with local leaders and managers in every part of the State, and was able so to grasp all the details of the canvass as to direct the voting power of his party with the precision of the movements of an army. The result was to carry the State of New York for Seymour in spite of the strong tendency to the Republican side produced by the candidacy of General Grant and the feelings aroused by the reconstruction controversy.

Tilden had long watched with distrust and apprehension the growing power of the Tweed Ring in New York city, and by its members he was regarded with a sort of fear. He was not a man to cause a breach in his party by any premature contest with what he saw to be a threatening element, preferring to use it so long as it was not actually dangerous to party success, which in his mind was necessary to the triumph of good government in the long-run. He tried to defeat Tweed's designs in the Legislature of 1871, but the latter by his hold upon the machinery of politics in the city and State, and by the corrupt use of money and patronage, carried all before him. When the exposure of the Ring frauds came, a few months later, Mr. Tilden saw his opportunity. It was he who secured the appointment of Andrew H. Green to the office of Deputy-Comptroller under Connolly, and gave him possession of the latter's office when he fled the city, thereby securing the opportunity to trace the frauds in the public accounts and in those of the Broadway Bank, through which the division of the spoils had been made. His analysis and array of the figures showing the misappropriation of public funds was the chief foundation for the evidence on which the participants in the Ring frauds were prosecuted. He took an active part in the work of the Committee of Seventy, and addressed the great meeting of November, 1871, which was at once an expression and an incitement of public sentiment for the thorough cleansing of the municipal administration. He became a candidate for the Assembly, and was elected to aid in the work of securing the impeachment of the Ring judges.

After the prolonged and arduous fight against the Tweed Ring Mr. Tilden sought rest, and spent the summer of 1873 in Europe. On his return he found a movement already on foot for making him Governor of the State, and in 1874 he consented to be a candidate. Though, two years before, the Republicans had carried the State by more than 50,000 majority, he succeeded in reversing that record. He addressed himself at once to exposing and correcting the frauds by which the work of repairing and maintaining the canals of the State by contract had been carried on. This won him his great reputation as a reform Governor, and made him the candidate of the Democratic party for President in 1876. In that year he practically guided the canvass through a bureau established in the city of New York for the collection and diffusion of political information and the dissemination of directions for the work of the campaign. The result and the contest that followed it form one of the best remembered episodes in American history. He opposed the device of an Electoral Commission for settling the dispute, claiming that no electoral vote could be counted and declared without the assent of the House of Representatives, and that in case no majority was declared for any candidate, that House should elect the President. He advocated a firm adherence to this ground; but when the Electoral Commission was created, and had decided the controversy against him, he pursued the policy of submission, though protesting that the result was a fraud upon the people.

Since this historic episode Mr. Tilden had been in gradually failing health, and on that ground refused to be a candidate in 1880, and again in 1884. Still his advice and counsel were sought and freely given in matters pertaining to the interests of his party and of the nation. While his body was enfeebled by a paralytic affection, his mind remained clear and vigorous, and his interest in public questions and movements was unabated. He held the position of a retired and somewhat mysterious sage, whose occasional utterances were regarded with something akin to reverence by his old followers. His last years were devoted to increasing his valuable library and other treasures, to rebuilding and embellishing his fine mansion on Gramercy Park, in New York city, and in directing the care of the country place on the Hudson, which he occupied continuously and in the society of a few of his most intimate friends, his condition precluding a wider social intercourse. Mr. Tilden was never married, and left few near relatives.

HELIOGRAPHY IN THE ARMY.

The heliograph is an instrument for sending flashes of the sun's rays from any point to any other visible point with accuracy, and thus establishing communication. It is not a mere signal apparatus, but a complete heliographic, or, as the Greek words mean, sun-writing instrument. The fact that mirrors reflect the rays of the sun with intense brightness of course has been known since their invention, but the method of reflecting those rays to a certain desired point continually and accurately is of recent discovery. The impression prevails, and among many highly educated people, that the North American Indians use mirrors to send messages. This is a great error, and very apparent to any one who will take a mirror and endeavor to throw a given number of flashes, and no more or less, upon a person one mile from him. It cannot be done, except by the merest chance. In order to communicate, the sender must know just what and how many flashes the receiver receives. For, otherwise, he may desire to send three, meaning one thing, and the receiver might receive two or four, meaning totally different words. The Indians do use mirrors, but only for a few well-defined signals.

To overcome these difficulties the heliograph was invented. It consists of a circular mirror (the Mance heliograph) ten inches in diameter, mounted in double frames, and resting on a solid iron base. The mirror tilts a distance of half an inch, and this tilting motion is produced by pressing a key. In the centre of the mirror is a peep-hole through the silvering, so that the eye can see through the mirror from the back. Two tangent screws, one to give a slow horizontal motion, the other for a slow vertical motion, permit the glass *to follow the movement of the sun.* The whole is mounted on a solidly planted post. A second mirror, upon another post, is placed two feet away. In front of the first instrument is a slender iron rod, having the end flattened, and a quarter of an inch wide. Thirty feet further to the front is another post carrying a similar slender sight.

A certain point in a distant mountain range has a station, and by repeated trials throws a flash on the new station. The operator sees it, and then, looking through his glass from the rear, brings the thirty-foot sight so that the flash seen seems to rest on the very top of the iron spindle. The glass is now moved so that the reflection of the sun's rays will, when the key is depressed, show the top of the spindle in the exact centre of the flash. The other sighting iron is now moved into line, and shows a small black spot (caused by the silvering having been taken off to make the peep-hole). As long as that spot is kept exactly in that place, the rays will *always* be on the other station. Removing the finger from the key, a spring causes the mirror to tilt, upper part to the front, thus causing the rays to strike lower down on the rod, and out of sight of the other station. Thus, pressing the key and releasing it quickly gives a short flash, called a dot, while pressing the key and holding it down an appreciable time before releasing it gives a long flash, called a dash.

A series of dots and dashes constitutes a letter. The American Morse or telegraphic code is used. This is the system used by General Nelson A. Miles in Arizona and New Mexico, who has caused two officers, Lieutenant A. M. Fuller, Second Cavalry, and Lieutenant E. E. Drovo, Sixth Cavalry, to complete systems, the former in Arizona and the latter in New Mexico. There are in the Arizona Division thirteen stations working, commencing at Stein's Pass to Bowie, 30 miles; thence to Bowie Peak, 2 miles; thence to White's Ranch, 20 miles; thence to Swisshelm's Mountains, 9 miles; thence to Rucker Cañon, 14 miles; thence to Dragoon Mountains, 23 miles; thence to Bissba, 30 miles; thence to Fort Hurchuca, 32 miles; thence to north end Dragoons, 35 miles; thence to Santa Rita Mountains, 40 miles; thence to Tubac, 15 miles; thence to Patagonia Mountains, 25 miles—total, 275 miles. The stations are equipped with glasses, guards, tents, and supplies for a month, and the operators are on duty as long as the sun shines. Messages are sent every hour during the day, and the line works as well as a telegraph wire.

In May, 560 messages were sent, comprising 25,000 words; in June, 1240 messages, of 40,000 words. Twenty-five words have been sent from one end of the line and answered by twenty-five different words from the other end in two hours, or fifty words 550 miles in two hours. Messages of two and three hundred words are taken at times without a break. Many stations have a corps of couriers ready to carry despatches to the troops in the mountain cañons near by, as the troops are kept hidden by General Miles. At present, during Indian raids, troops all over the country are warned by orders sent by heliograph and couriers within one to two hours, where formerly it took hours and days to reach them by courier. The operators usually read with the naked eye up to thirty miles.

The system has been remarkably successful from the time Lieutenant Fuller commenced it in April last.

RATTLESNAKES.

Rattlesnakes are objects of great interest to people in the sections of country where they abound, and especially to summer visitors from cities. They are very numerous within 150 miles of New York. The Highlands on both sides the Hudson, and particularly on the west, are alive with them. The river hills of the Delaware and its affluents produce them by thousands.

Toward the close of summer, when the cold nights give notice of coming frosts, the rattlesnakes return to their favorite dens in the mountains. Snakes of other kinds find winter refuge in the same places, and all spend the bitter months in a torpid state. Behind the village of Long Eddy, about 146 miles from New York, on the Erie Railroad, is a rocky hill in which there are said to be fully twenty-five rattlesnake dens. These are simply holes in the rocks, or spaces between the shelving strata on the mountain side. John C. Geer, the King of the Rattlesnakes, drew no less than fourteen at one time from under the rock. Tying a string to the end of a pole about five feet long, and fixing a loop at the end of the string, he slips the noose over the head of the rattling, striking snake, draws it out of its cover, and drops it into the bag that he has pinned to his knee.

The early settlers in rattlesnake districts used to slaughter the reptiles as regularly as they slaughtered their hogs. In this way the numbers of the snakes and the danger from their bites were largely diminished. In the warm days of spring, as they crept out to sun themselves, they were destroyed by hundreds. Sixty years ago it was a favorite amusement of the young men and boys in Orange County, New York, to shoot the rattlesnakes and their congeners as they peeped out of their den in the mountain near Canterbury. Catlin, the historian of the Indians, who was born near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, hugely enjoyed this sport in boyhood. Not far from his home was a rattlesnake den in an unapproachable cavern on the mountain. On a ledge of rocks near the cavern the noxious creatures used to sun themselves for a few hours every day before breaking up their winter rendezvous. So many injuries had been inflicted by them that the farmers resolved to decrease their multitude. George Catlin was admitted into the warlike party and instructed to climb to the top of an overhanging rock, from which he could watch the serpents on the ledge below. The rest of the invaders, club in hand, stood ready to follow his lead. As the lad looked down he saw a knot of snakes "like a huge mat, wound and twisted and interlocked together, with all their heads like scores of hydras standing up from the mass." Into this horrible cluster he "let fly" with his gun. The others then rushed in with their clubs, and five or six hundred were killed. One had turned in the wrong direction, and was heard rattling near the ledge. In a little while its head was pinned to the earth with a forked stick. "Tie a powder-horn to his tail!" exclaimed Catlin, "and fasten a slow fuse to it, and let it go back into the den." This done, the snake was put down at the mouth of the den, and the party removed to a safe distance. In a minute or two an explosion like a clap of thunder shook the ground. The result was extermination to the snakes.

In Trumbull County, Ohio, Mr. Stone, one of the first settlers, immortalized himself as a rattlesnake slayer. On the 1st of May, 1799, he and his companions, armed with cudgels, proceeded to a sunny level of rock on which hosts of the reptiles had crawled. There the cudgels were brought into active play; the snakes, with sounding tails, retreated up the hill, but 486 were left dead on the ground. Most of them were over five feet in length. Perhaps, like the Indians, most of them will ultimately disappear. Still, they are wonderfully prolific. A pair of them, bringing forth from ten to twenty at a birth, each coiled up, with a rattle to its tail, and ready to spring, would soon restock the country. Mr. Geer finds no difficulty in filling an order for fifty or a hundred from any museum on the continent.

The peculiar noise of the rattlesnake's castanets is not easily described. It cannot always be distinguished, by those not familiar with it, from the whistling of winds through the leaves, the escape of water from a pipe, the whizzings of insects, the rattling of seed-pods, and other familiar noises. It is easily mistaken for the stridulous sounds made by insects like grasshoppers. Birds feed on the latter, and seem to imagine as they fly to the spot from which the noise comes that they shall dine comfortably. But *Crotalus caudisona* makes a delicious meal of them. He rings his dinner-bell to call up his living dishes.

Frogs, birds, rats, rabbits, and small animals of many kinds are the food of rattlesnakes. One of them is as good as a weasel for clearing a cellar of rats and mice. None of their victims seem to be afraid of them. The fear is apparently with the snake, which shrinks from its wounded prey, and will not attempt to swallow it until it is dead. Many stories are current about the fascination of birds and small animals by these reptiles. The truth seems to be that when one of them has seized a newly fledged bird that it has found on the ground, the distressed parents will utter loud cries, and even dash at the jaws of the devourer, in hope of effecting a rescue. Again, the birds, attracted by its familiar rattle, will peck at its thin, slender, vibrating tongue as they would at a worm. But the pecking is a fatal experiment. Struck by the deadly fangs, the poor things flop about in agony until they die. The tongue itself is to the snake what whiskers are to a cat, or the tips of the fingers to a human being. How snakes manage to swallow animals thicker than themselves is a mystery explained by their special structure. The soft ends of their numerous ribs rest on ventral scales, which, on a smooth surface, are almost set on edge. The belly scales are the feet, and the ribs are legs. But these accommodating legs stretch like India-rubber, so as to admit the passage of the enormous meal. The six jaws of the snake are separable, and work independently of each other; but so vast are its mouthfuls that it would choke if it did not have the power of hanging two or three inches, more or less, of windpipe outside the mouth while it is swallowing. One commendable thing about rattlesnakes is their affection for each other and for their young. The latter, at a given signal, seek and find refuge through the throat of the parent. Professor G. B. Goode, of Middletown, Connecticut, received 120 independent testimonials in a single year, from persons living in twenty-four different States, that they do thus harbor their progeny.

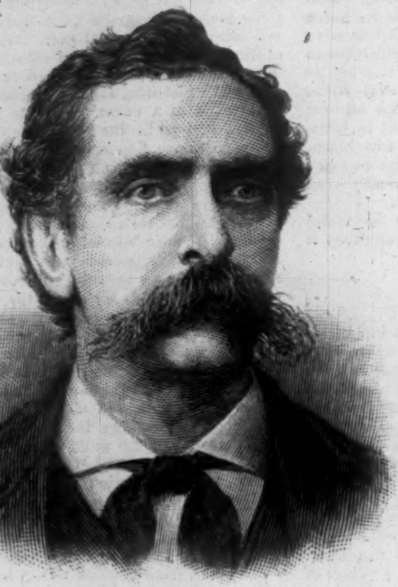
The bite of the rattlesnake is a very serious matter, and often proves fatal. It is inflicted by the curved fangs on each side of the upper jaw. These are pointed as needles, hollow, and fixed upon sacs which contain a bright green deadly poison. The latter is forced through the fang into the wound. Larkin K. Geer, of Long Eddy, had a fortunate escape from a snake whose fangs caught in his trousers above the bare foot. Starting on the run, he shook the reptile loose, but found his foot all spattered by the venom. Ralph Geer, another member of the same family, was not quite so lucky. Pierced in the ankle while following the steps of a hunter on the top of a log, he became very sick at the stomach, was violently ill, and only escaped with the loss of the sole of his foot. His uncle, John C. Geer, the Rattlesnake King, attributes his misfortune to the fact that the family remedies were not promptly applied. He himself has been bitten three times—once on the bottom of his great toe, then on the leg through the fine leather of his boot, and lastly by a snake that he was training, and that struck its fangs into his thigh. Tearing it away, a lacerated and badly poisoned wound was the result. Three or four days of temporary inconvenience followed. He promptly applied salt and indigo, mixed in equal quantities and moistened by water, to the wound; the indigo was what is sold in stores under that name. Next he ate the leaves of the arrow-leaved violet, *Viola sagittata*, which grows plentifully in localities where rattlesnakes breed, and which has the taste of slippery elm bark. Tea made from the same leaves is almost equally efficacious.

The leaves are to be eaten until the symptoms of poisoning subside. Wherever possible, a bandage of them is bound around the stricken limb, kept damp by water, or renewed every three or four hours when dried by the inflammation, to prevent the spread of the swelling. As soon as possible a plaster is made from the thick milky root of either variety of the "lion's-heart"—plants of the *Nabalus* or rattlesnake-root genus—and applied to the wound after the salt and indigo mixture is taken away. This, when removed at the end of two hours, is colored bright green by the virus. "The violet drives out and the lion's-heart draws out the poison." The larger specimen of the "lion's-heart" is also called "lion's-foot," "gall of the earth," "rattlesnake-root," and has a leaf like that of the wild buckwheat.

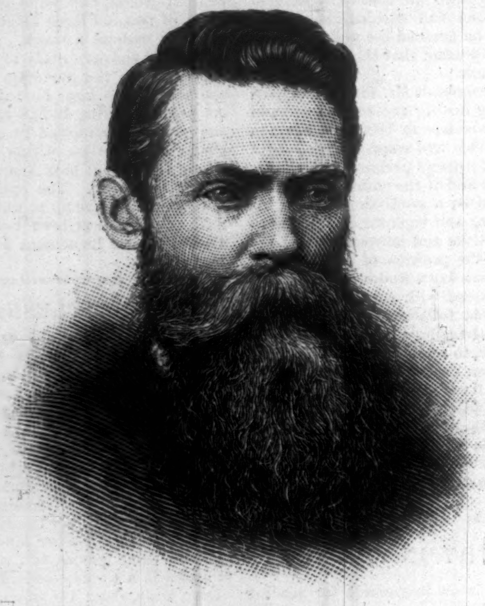
This is the remedy applied for generations, and always with success, in the case of man or beast, by members of the celebrated Geer family to sufferers from rattlesnake bites. Joseph Geer, who moved with his grandfather, Amasa Geer, from Coeyman's Patent, New York, to Geer's Creek, Long Eddy, more than a century ago, received the knowledge of it from John Johnston, a half-breed, long before the Indians went away, and afterward freely communicated it to his friends and family. Mr. E. M. Worth, of Cincinnati, a nephew of General Worth, is among the witnesses to its value. In 1882 he was bitten by a rattlesnake at his museum in the Bowery, New York, on the left thumb. Sending a policeman for an ambulance and a friend for whiskey, he drank a quart of the latter, became unconscious in twenty minutes, and on his arrival at the Chambers Street Hospital was subjected to the stomach-pump and relieved of much of the whiskey. His thumb was afterward amputated at the first joint. While exhibiting in Brooklyn in the following May he accidentally ran a shed poison-fang into his right thumb. Both that and the left stub began to swell, and he knew that he was again endangered. Avoiding the hospital this time, he applied the salt and indigo as directed, drank liberally of rye whiskey, telegraphed to J. D. Legg, of Long Eddy, for the remedy, and when the violet arrived drank freely of an infusion of it, and was well in a few days. Sickness, swelling, and discoloration resembling the spots on the snake appeared on the anniversary of his first bite. Authenticated instances of similar character are numerous, and repeat themselves until the poison is eliminated from the system.

More than twenty instances of cure by this remedy, without a single failure, are known to have been effected in Long Eddy and its vicinity. In other localities they are quite as numerous. Names, dates, and facts are carefully preserved.

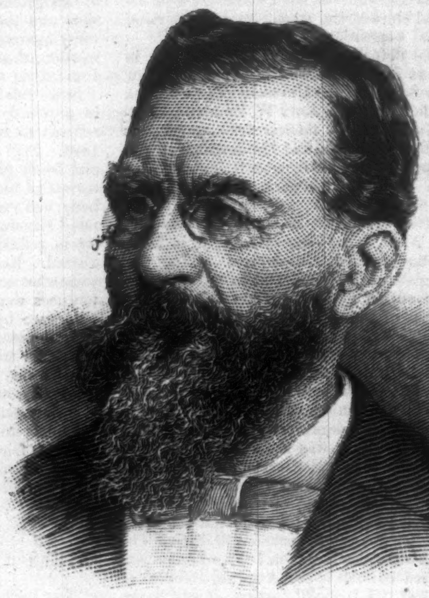
Richard Wheatley.



A. K. CUTTING.



A. D. BRIGHAM, UNITED STATES CONSUL AT PASO DEL NORTE, MEXICO.



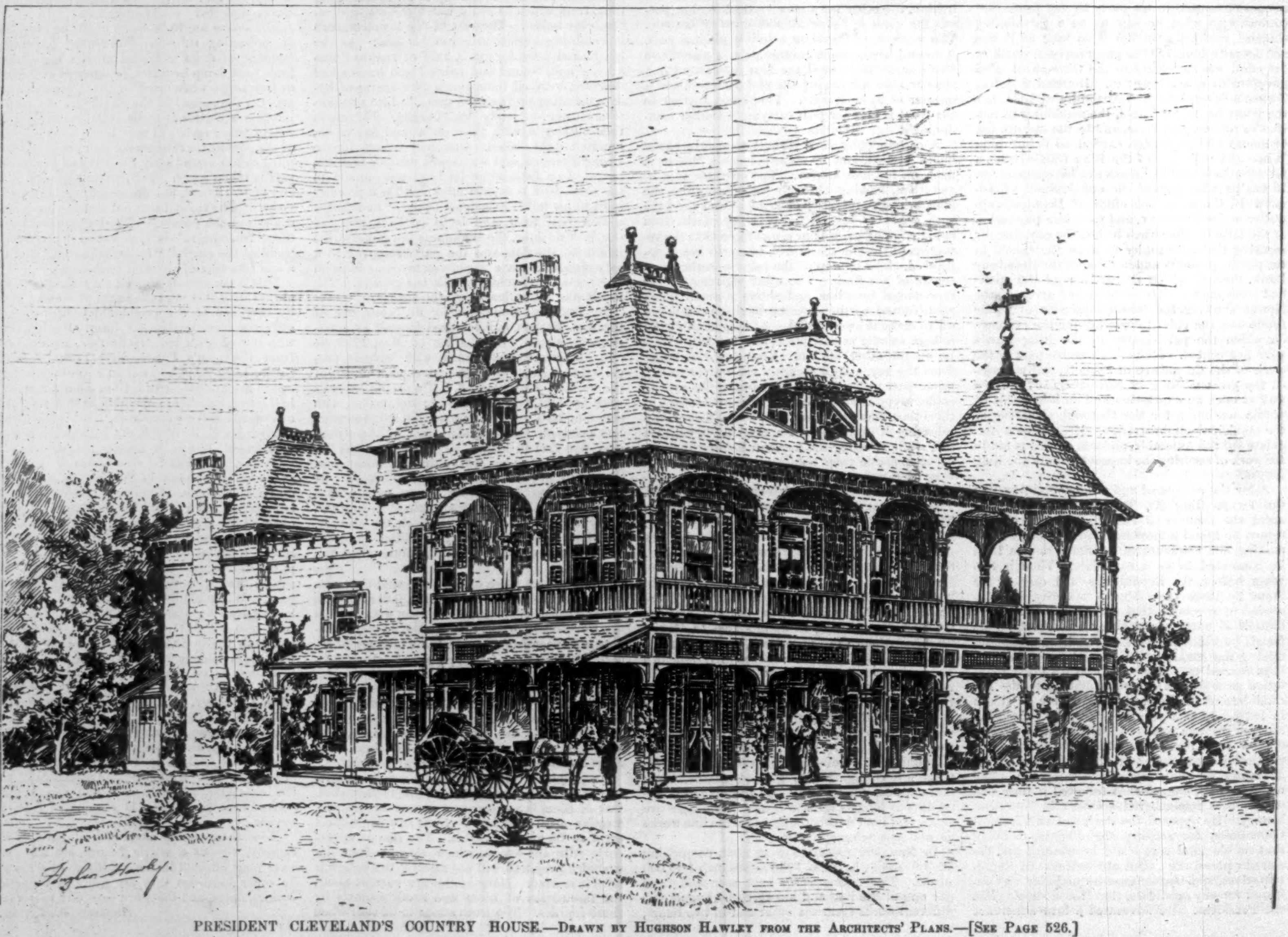
JOHN W. McCULLOH.
Photographed by Kurtz.—[See Page 526.]

THE CASE OF CUTTING.

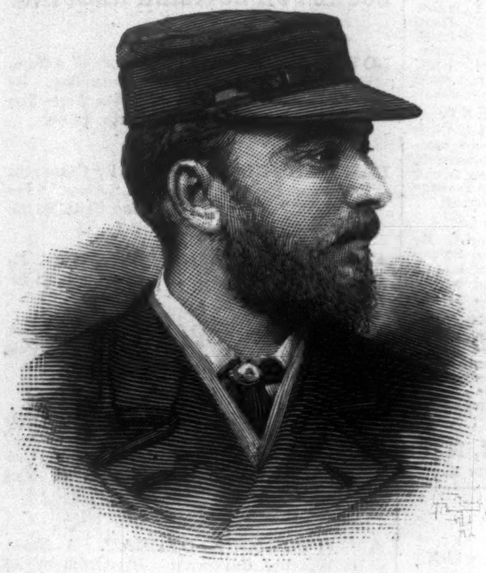
The imprisonment of the American editor A. K. Cutting at Paso del Norte, in the Mexican state of Chihuahua, for an alleged offence against Mexican law, has caused considerable excitement throughout the country in the last two weeks, and aroused something like a belligerent spirit along the Rio Grande. The facts have been differently stated by the two parties to the controversy, and it may appear that the official action taken at Washington was based on a misapprehension. The Secretary of State on the 2d inst. transmitted to the Senate a report of his action and a statement of the reasons which guided it. From this it appeared that the State Department received through Minister Jackson a statement from Consul Brigham, under date of July 1, representing that Mr. Cutting had been arrested and imprisoned for an offence committed in El Paso, Texas, and that he, the Consul, had received no reply to an application for a fair trial for Mr. Cutting or his release on bail. Mr. Jackson had applied to Señor Mariscal, the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, for proper relief for the imprisoned editor, and was informed that he had recommended to the Governor of Chihuahua to see that prompt and full justice was administered. On the 19th of July Secretary Bayard, on the statement of facts transmitted to him, telegraphed to Minister Jackson to demand of the Mexican government the release of Cutting, the grounds for the demand being sent the following day. On the 22d reply was received that the Mexican government refused to comply with the demand, claiming that, under Mexican law, jurisdiction could be assumed in Mexico over crimes committed against a citizen of that country in the United States, provided the offender was taken on Mexican soil. This claim was combated by Secretary Bayard in his instruction to Minister Jackson on July 27. He declared that assent could not be given to the doctrine that Mexican law had any extra-territorial power to give it jurisdiction over crimes of American citizens committed on American soil. In his report to the Senate the Secretary of State said: "The offence alleged is the publication in Texas by a citizen of the United States of an article deemed libellous and criminal in Mexico. No allegation of the circulation in Mexico by Mr. Cutting is made, and, indeed, no such circulation was practicable or even possible, because the arrest was summarily made on the same day of the publication in the English language in Texas on the coming of the alleged writer or publisher into Mexico."

The origin of the difficulty was the publication in Paso del Norte, on the Mexican side of the border, where Cutting lived and published a paper of his own, of a statement, undoubtedly libellous, against one Medina, who proposed to establish a rival paper. For this Cutting was arrested, and released on signing a "reconciliation" and retracting the libel. He then went over to El Paso, in Texas, and published, as a card in a newspaper there, what was virtually a reiteration and amplification of the libel upon Medina. According to Mexican statements, he immediately took this over the river and circulated it in Paso del Norte in the Spanish language. He was then arrested again, not only for the renewed libel, but for contempt of court in violating the conditions of his former release. The case was taken up on his behalf by Consul Brigham, and representations made to the American Minister at Mexico, by whom the matter was brought to the attention of the State Department at Washington. Release on bail to await trial was offered to Cutting, but he refused to avail himself of it, saying that his government would take care of him, and claiming the right as an American citizen to an unconditional discharge.

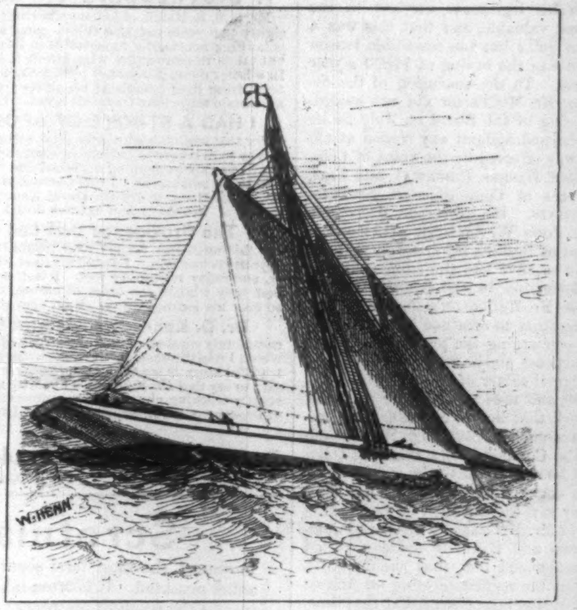
The position of the Mexican government, as stated by its own officials, differs essentially from that which it was at first represented as taking. It is not that a crime committed against a Mexican in a foreign country brings the offender under the jurisdiction of Mexican law whenever it can reach him on the soil of Mexico, but that Cutting's offence was really committed in Mexico, in that the libel, which is the basis of the charge against him, was circulated in Paso del Norte. A movement in Congress to back up the demand for Cutting's release, which followed Secretary Bayard's report, was checked, as fuller information and a clearer understanding of the matter was attained, and it is possible that quite a different aspect may be given to it when all the facts are placed in a clear light. Mr. Cutting is a native of Hudson, Columbia County, New York, and is about fifty years of age. Mr. Brigham, the American Consul at Paso del Norte, who has exerted himself energetically to secure the release of Cutting and the security of Americans in Mexico against arbitrary invasion of their rights, is a native of Ouachita Parish, Louisiana, and is fifty-one years of age. The trial of Cutting took place August 6. The charges against him were of a failure to carry out the "reconciliation," and of the circulation in Mexico of the Texan paper containing the new libel. The prosecutor urged that Cutting should be sentenced to imprisonment for two years at hard labor. Cutting was defended by counsel assigned to him, but he himself declined to say anything except that he did not recognize the jurisdiction of the court, and that he was "in the hands of his government." He was found guilty, and sentenced to $600 fine and a year's imprisonment, with 100 days more if the fine is not paid.



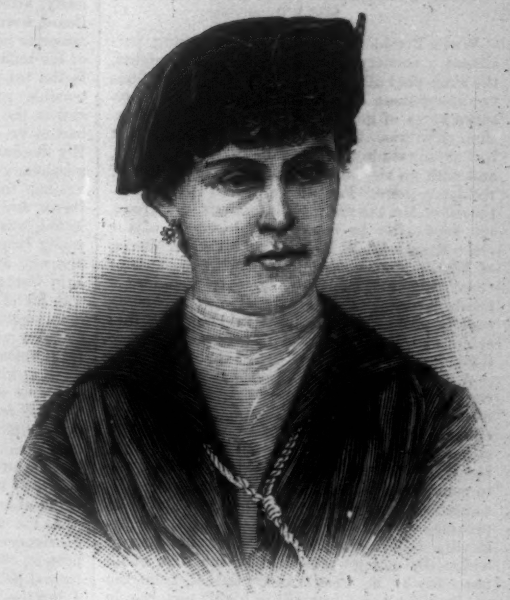
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S COUNTRY HOUSE.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley from the Architects' Plans.—[See Page 526.]



LIEUTENANT HENN.



THE "GALATEA."—Sketched at Sea by Lieutenant Henn.

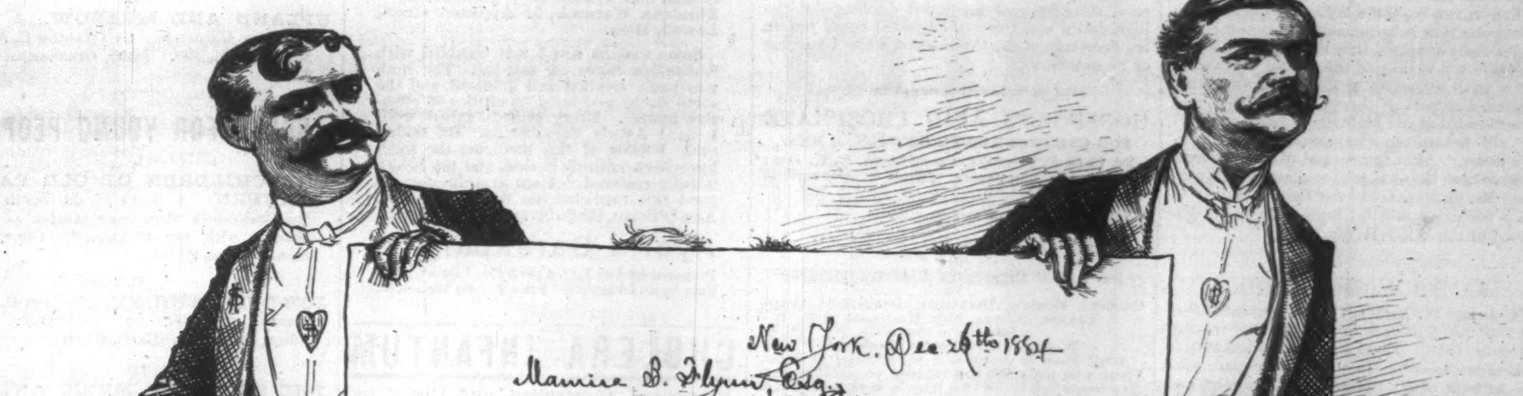


MRS. HENN.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "GALATEA."

The English cutter *Galatea*, which arrived at Marblehead, Massachusetts, on Sunday evening, August 1, had a rather long but entirely uneventful trip across the Atlantic. There was a succession of light winds and calms during the thirty-one days occupied in the passage, and, as Lieutenant Henn, her owner, said on his arrival, she might, had they known what sort of weather they were going to encounter, have come over under full racing sail just as well as not, instead of under jury rig. Mrs. Henn, who accompanied her husband across the ocean in the gallant yacht which has come to this shore to compete for the cup which the *Genesta* failed to win, has been spoken of as being the first lady to cross the Atlantic in a pleasure sailing vessel, but this is a mistake. Several ladies have preceded her, the wife of an American yachtsman recently crossing over from the other side with her husband in a yawl-rigged craft. The *Galatea* left Southampton at 3.10 P.M. on the 30th of June, the wind being light from the southeast. July 1 she laid her course west by south, and travelled 61 miles. The next day she made 150 miles, with a moderate easterly wind. This, with one day's exception, July 17, when the log showed 155 miles, was the best run made during any day of the voyage. Three days before that, on the 14th of July, she touched at Flores, one of the Western Islands, for fresh-water. On the 22d of July there was the nearest approach to rough weather that was encountered during the trip, and the yacht remained hove to for several hours in a strong southwest wind. The entire number of miles sailed, as shown by the log, was 3319, the *Galatea's* average speed being nine knots to the hour. The wind was aft but little of the time, most of the work being done while the yacht was close-hauled. The racing spars of the *Galatea* had been sent over on a steamer before she left England, and the week after her arrival was devoted to putting her in racing trim.

ANOTHER HUGE *JOKE* ON NEW YORK CITY.



New York. Dec 26th 1884

Maurice B. Flynn, Esq.
D Sir.

In Consideration of your securing not less than four County Democracy Aldermen who shall vote for my Confirmation as Commissioner of Public Works, in the Event that the Mayor shall send in my name for that office, I hereby agree to place my Resignation as Commissioner, in case of my Confirmation, in your hands whenever you may demand the same, and further to make no appointments in said Office without your approval and to make such removals therein as you may suggest and request, and to transact the business of said office as you may direct. Very truly yrs

Rollin M. Squire

"IT WAS ALL FOR FUN."

WHO WILL TAKE ANY STOCK IN THE SQUIRE-FLYNN COMPANY?

THE PRESIDENT'S COUNTRY-SEAT.

WHEN President **CLEVELAND**, last spring, purchased a country place on Georgetown Heights, the somewhat dilapidated appearance of the little two-story stone house into which, with twenty-seven acres of ground, he had come into possession gave rise to a belief that the President had simply made the purchase as an investment, and with no view toward establishing a place of residence there. Facts have proved that this estimate of Mr. **CLEVELAND**'s intentions was wrong, for soon after he came into possession of the place Messrs. W. M. **POINDEXTER** & Co., architects, of Washington, were intrusted with the task of converting the unsightly stone cottage into a handsome modern villa, and as the work is being rapidly pushed forward, it is said that the President and his wife expect to take possession of their new home about the 1st of October.

A picture of the new house, as it will be when completed, is shown in this issue. The architects' plans have provided for completely remodelling and extending the cottage. The entire structure is to be raised one story, furnishing a roomy attic, and a stone addition is building to contain the kitchen and servants' rooms. The south and west parts of the building are to be provided with two-story piazzas, which will decidedly relieve the plain box-like appearance which the cottage presented at the time of its purchase by Mr. **CLEVELAND**. Indeed, from the roadway the new house will be highly picturesque and ornamental. The main roof of the building is broken by large dormer-windows, and at the southeast corner is carried up to an unusual height, terminating in an ornamental finial. The south piazza is carried around this corner of the cottage in a graceful curve. In its interior arrangements the house is undergoing a complete change. There will be a handsome dining-room, a reception-room, a parlor, and a room which the President will doubtless use as a study, on the ground-floor, besides the pantries and spacious kitchen. The second floor will contain three chambers, dressing-rooms and bath-rooms, besides the servants' quarters. The attic story will also be divided into four large sleeping apartments. The grounds, which were in a decidedly unkempt condition before, are receiving the attention of a landscape gardener, and a new driveway or approach is to be laid out from the road to the cottage. All the work is being done under the personal superintendence of the President, who drives out nearly every afternoon with Mrs. **CLEVELAND** from the White House to watch the progress that is being made in his new home. It is generally admitted that there are few building sites in the vicinity of the capital which command a more attractive or diversified view than this particular part of Georgetown Heights, and it is believed that the building of many country-seats will follow the completion of the President's house. Although several of his predecessors have been the owners of real estate in Washington, Mr. **CLEVELAND** is the first President to build a country house for himself in the neighborhood of the White House.

JAMES W. McCULLOH.

MR. **JAMES W. McCULLOH** was appointed Secretary of the Aqueduct Commission on the 8th of August, 1883. There was no political motive in his appointment. He obtained the place solely on account of his business qualifications, and because these especially adapted him for the work which he would be called upon to do. He had been in active business in this city for nearly forty years. In that time he had become practically familiar with such work as the Aqueduct Commission had before it. In his application for the place of Secretary, made to Vice-President **DOWD** of the Commission, he said: "During the past eight years I have been engaged in rebuilding and operating the New Jersey Midland Railroad, and the Jersey City and Albany Railway, as Receiver; and later, as agent of the New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad, and the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railroad, to procure lands, easements, and privileges for terminal right of way, and other purposes, within the States of New Jersey and New York, and have thus become familiar with all matters relating to the acquirement of lands by purchase or by condemnation, the adjustment of damages caused by the taking of lands and for work, the purchase of all kinds of material and machinery, and the proper methods of keeping and settling accounts relating to corporate works." Mr. **McCULLOH**'s testimonials came from a large number of prominent citizens. Among the many who bore testimony to his especial capacity were **GEORGE S. COE**, **CONRAD N. JORDAN**, **JACOB D. VERMILYE**, **JOHN HOEY**, the Presidents of the Produce and Cotton Exchanges, Chancellor **RUNYON**, of New Jersey, and **CHARLES F. MAYER**, of Baltimore.

Mr. **McCULLOH** served as Secretary of the Commission with undoubted ability. He did a great deal of hard and faithful work, and his expert knowledge was of great value to the Commission, and effected a great saving of the public money. Corporation Counsel **LACOMBE** bears testimony to his laborious and skilful rearrangement of technical descriptions whereby their dimensions were reduced without a sacrifice of accuracy, and whereby the length of a published notice was so curtailed as to save in the expense of advertisement an amount equal to Mr. **McCULLOH**'s entire annual salary.

When the Aqueduct Commission was reorganized some time ago, the Mayor and Comptroller being dropped from the Board, and three new Commissioners being appointed, there was a general belief that politics was to take the place of legitimate business in the conduct of its affairs. Mr. **McCULLOH**'s salary was promptly reduced from $6000 to $4000 by the new Board. It was generally thought that he was not wanted politically, although his legitimate services to the Board were most valuable, and that this was a notice to him to quit; but the ostensible reason of the reduction was the saving of $2000 a year to the tax-payers. To the confusion of the ostensible reason, Mr. **McCULLOH** did not resign, and at the meeting of the Board on July 28 he had to be discharged without any reason at all. His discharge was effected by the votes of Commissioners **SQUIRE**, **BARNES**, **RIDGEWAY**, and **FISH**, against the votes of Commissioners **SPENCER**, **DOWD**, and **BALDWIN**. His successor, already selected, was Mr. **JOHN W. SHEEHAN**, of Albany, a young Democrat of Buffalo, thirty-seven years of age, who is said to have had the support of the Erie County delegation in the Legislature. It was found, after Mr. **McCULLOH**'s discharge, that it was quite necessary to continue him at certain complex work concerning the purchase of lands for aqueduct purposes, and he was retained for this work at his original salary of $6000. Mr. **SHEEHAN** gets $4000, and thus two men are receiving $10,000 for work that before Mr. **SHEEHAN**'s appointment was done for $4000 by Mr. **McCULLOH** alone. The Commissioners think that Mr. **McCULLOH** will be able to finish the special work at which he is engaged by October 1; but if he is not able, they say, the time will be extended.

At the time of Mr. **McCULLOH**'s discharge Commissioners **DOWD** and **BALDWIN** made a verbal protest, and announced that they should file a formal protest at the regular meeting on August 4, but the protest was not presented at that time. Commissioner **FISH** had intimated that he should retort in case a protest was offered.

Mr. **McCULLOH** has published a letter, addressed to the citizens of New York, in which he presents the testimonials which secured him the place of Secretary to the Aqueduct Commission, and also testimonials to the faithfulness and fitness of his work in that office. Ex-Mayor **EDSON** says, writing at the time when the salary was reduced: "In my judgment the salary paid you very inadequately measured the value of your services to the city then, as at the present time. There is no man connected with the work who is possessed of the intimate and intelligent knowledge of all its details as you are; therefore I know that the city cannot afford to spare you." Comptroller Loew, writing at the same time, says: "Certainly in this case the man and the office are for once most worthily conjoined; and my grave responsibilities as Comptroller, as well as my private interests as a citizen and tax-payer of the city of New York, lead me to set the utmost store by your continued discharge of the high duties and trusts that rested upon you as the Secretary of the Commission while I was one of its members."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR OVERWORKED PROFESSIONAL MEN.

DR. CHAS. T. MITCHELL, Canandaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."—[*Adv.*]

NO ONE NEED SUFFER.
TRY
DR. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED VENETIAN LINIMENT
for
CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, NAUSEA, SICK HEADACHE, &C.
Acts like a charm.
WARRANTED PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

Adult dose, 30 drops in a wineglassful of water. Those who have used this valuable preparation state they would not be without it, even were it $10 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, and at depot, 42 Murray Street, New York. Price, 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free. F. HISCOX, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

TEN drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS impart a delicious flavor to all cold drinks and prevent all Summer Diseases. Try it, and you will never be without it; but be sure to get the world-renowned ANGOSTURA, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DON'T pull down the system. Rather build up with Nature's true tonic, Holman's Pad.—[*Adv.*]

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BAKER'S
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Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. Packages, 25 cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling, and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

A DISTRESSING EXPERIENCE.

Mr. R. S. B. Hatch, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., is now eighty-two years old, and enjoys good health. There is nothing necessarily remarkable in this fact in itself, but taken in connection with others it is remarkable. In a letter dated November 16th, 1885, he says, "I suffered from liver complaint for thirty years, and could not obtain more than transient relief. Three years ago

I HAD A STROKE OF APOPLEXY.

After this serious and nearly fatal setback I had less ability than before to contend against my chronic trouble. I had about made up my mind that no material aid was to be looked for. I was persuaded by my friend, Mr. D. H. Hoag, to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Words cannot express how I rejoice at

The Providence that Led me to

use this medicine, for my liver trouble is cured. My appetite is uniform. I digest my food without difficulty, and enjoy refreshing rest. I feel as youthful as a man may who, in the order of nature, is and must be so near his journey's end. I am also glad to say that

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

completely warded off a second attack of apoplexy with which I was threatened." Comment on this simple and truthful story is scarcely called for. It is only necessary to say that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is constantly working cures equally noteworthy in all cases of Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, and Digestive organs.

PREPARED BY
Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
Sold by Druggists. $1 a Bottle, 6 for $5.

Scrofula

Is one of the most fatal scourges which afflict mankind. It is often inherited, but may be the result of improper vaccination, mercurial poisoning, uncleanliness, and various other causes. Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors, and, in some cases, Emaciation, and Consumption, result from a scrofulous condition of the blood. This disease can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a derangement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am

Entirely Cured

and, for the past year, have not found it necessary to use any medicine whatever. I am now in better health, and stronger, than ever before.—O. A. Willard, 218 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.—Elizabeth Warnock, 54 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.

Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed, until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been entirely healed, and my health is fully restored. I am grateful for the good this medicine has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brian, 158 Sullivan st., New York.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

CHOLERA INFANTUM
Prevented, Controlled, and Cured by
Lactated Food

It has been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence as a safe and complete substitute for mother's milk.

It is a Perfect Nutrient for INVALIDS.

The most NOURISHING and ECONOMICAL of Foods.
150 MEALS for an Infant for $1.00
Easily prepared. Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., $1.
☞ A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application.
WELLS, RICHARDSON, & Co., Burlington, Vt.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Universally esteemed for nearly 100 years. Prevents hair falling off or turning gray, cleanses it from scurf or dandruff, and makes it beautifully soft, pliable, and glossy. It contains no lead nor mineral ingredients, and can also be had in a golden color for fair-haired children or persons. Ask for ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, of 20 Hatton Garden, London. Sold by Druggists.

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ESTERBROOK & Co
FALCON PEN

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For Sale by all Stationers.
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CRAZY QUILTS,

Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. 40c. will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches enclosed in each package. Send 40 cts. in stamps or postal note to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; or, 469 Broadway, N.Y.

GRANT AND GARFIELD ALBUMS, 25c. each. Send for list. A. WITTEMANN, 25 Park Place, N. Y.

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LOVE AND LUCK. The Story of a Summer's Loitering on the Great South Bay. By R. B. ROOSEVELT, Author of "Five Acres Too Much." 16mo, Ornamental Cover, $1.00.

II.
EAST ANGELS. A Novel. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, Author of "Anne," "For the Major," &c. pp. 592. 16mo, Cloth, $1.25.

III.
ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND. By ADAM BADEAU. pp. 306. 16mo, Cloth, $1.25.

IV.
BARBARA'S VAGARIES. A Novel. By MARY LANGDON TIDBALL. pp. 176. Post 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $1.00.

V.
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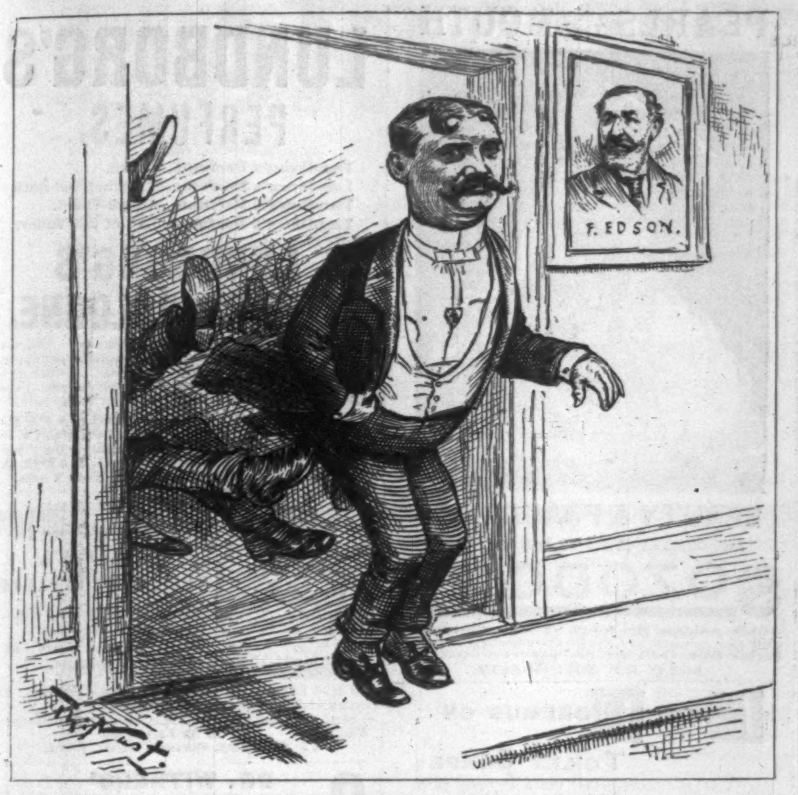

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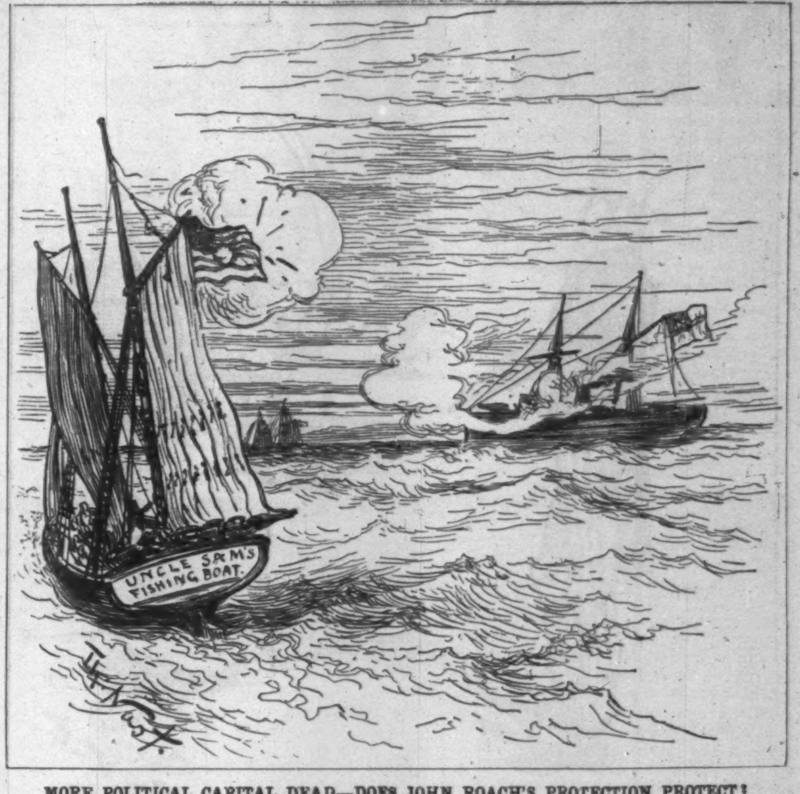
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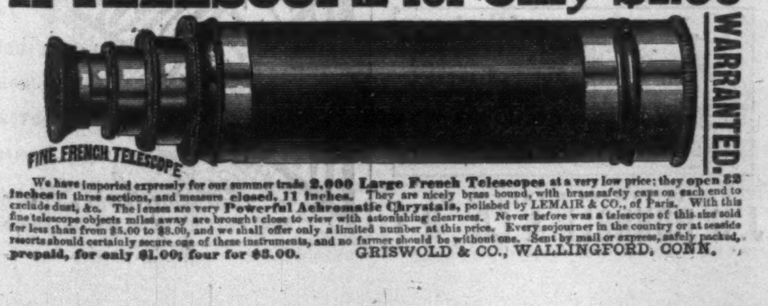

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